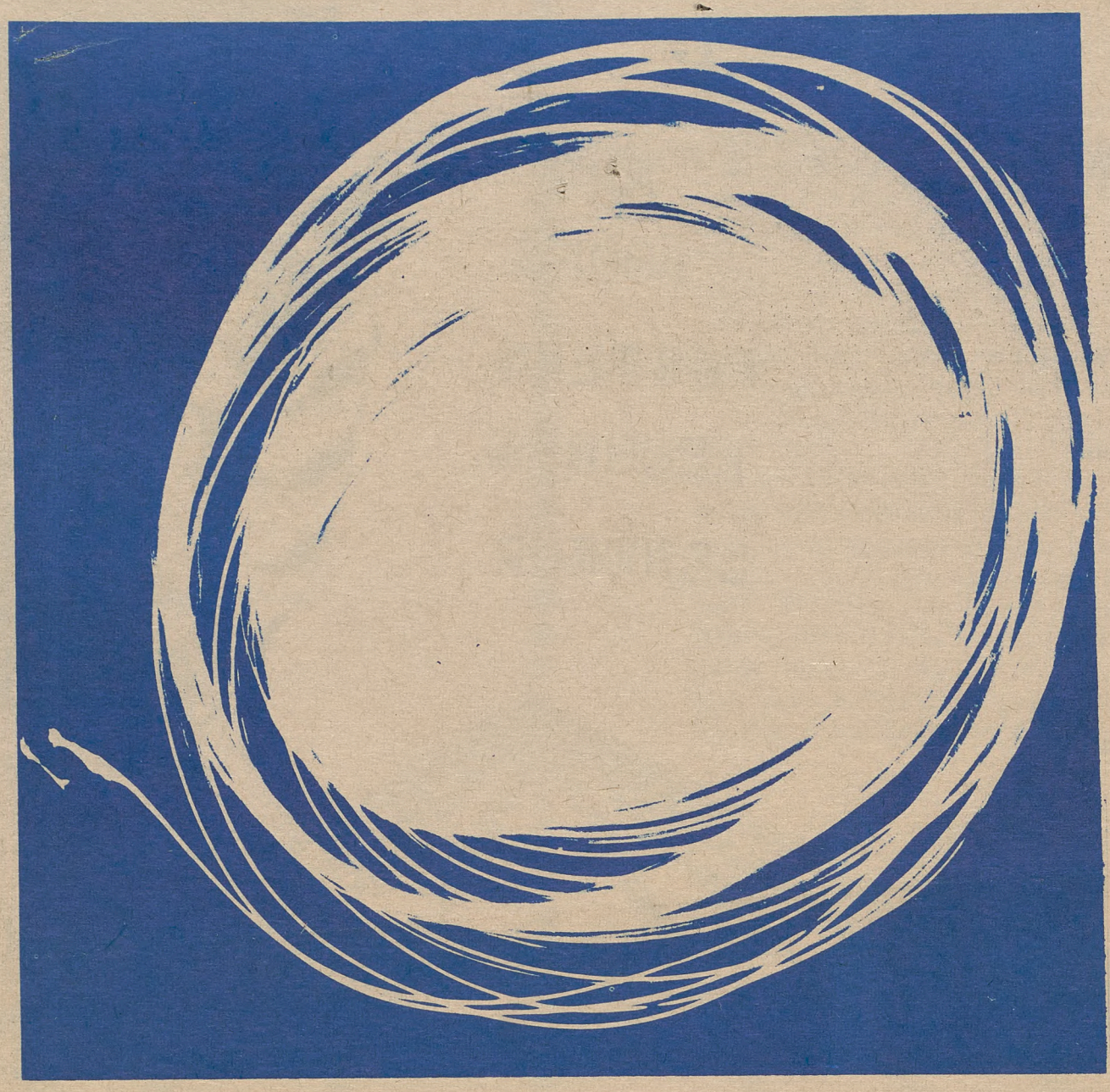
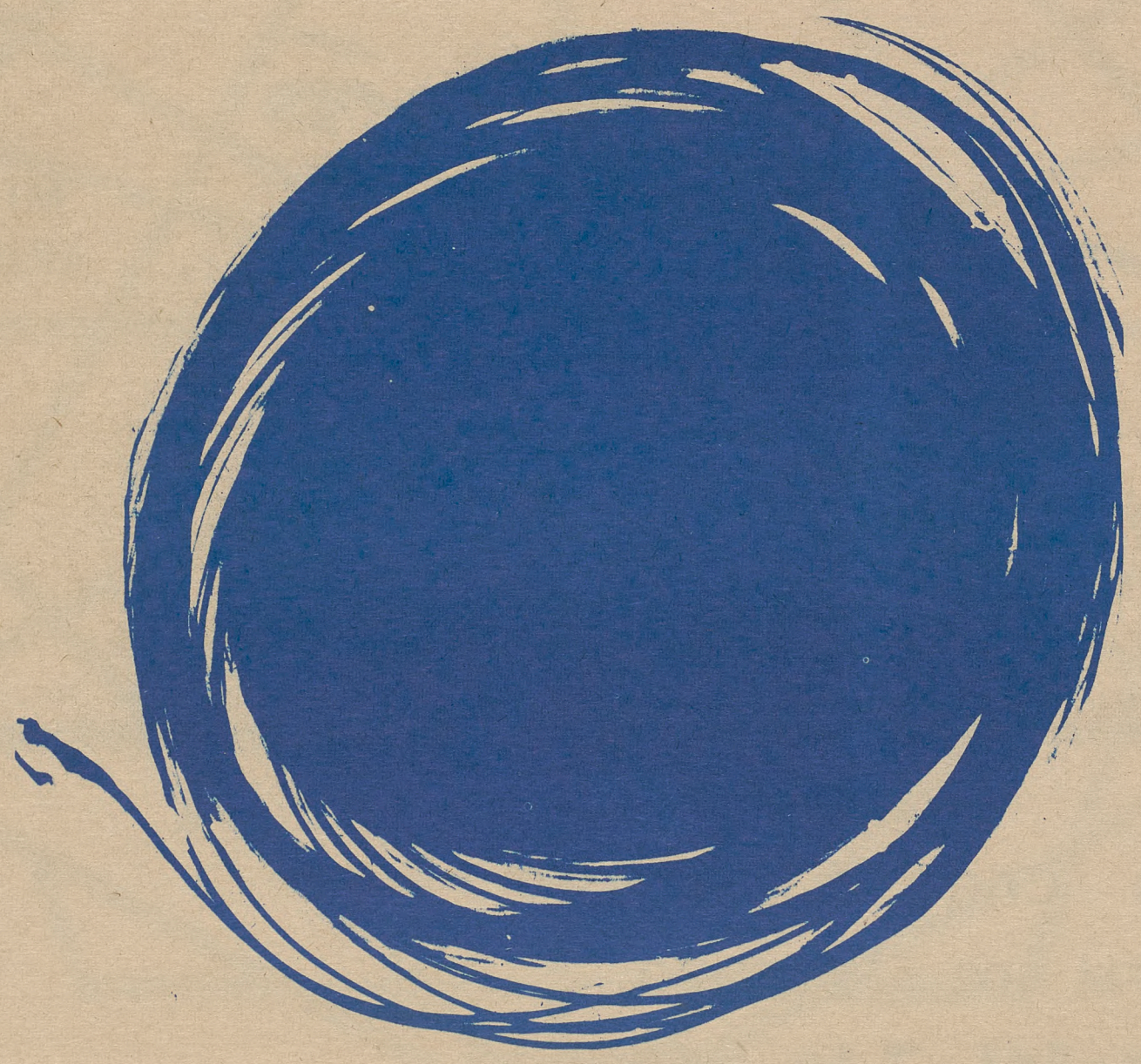
# WOODWIND

An Arts Paper Washington, D.C. 25¢





# woodwind

## volume 1
## number 6

The People of Number 6

Lanny Tuper
John McNally
Kevan Osgood
Ron Blackson
Steve McVea
Stephen Allen Whealton
Sue Tichey
Val DuBasky
Mark Loewinger
Molly Mott
Martha Potter
Connie Tighe
Clare Tighe
Ruth Stenstrom
Charlene James
John Zambetti
David Watt

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B.W.Smink
Pat Patterson
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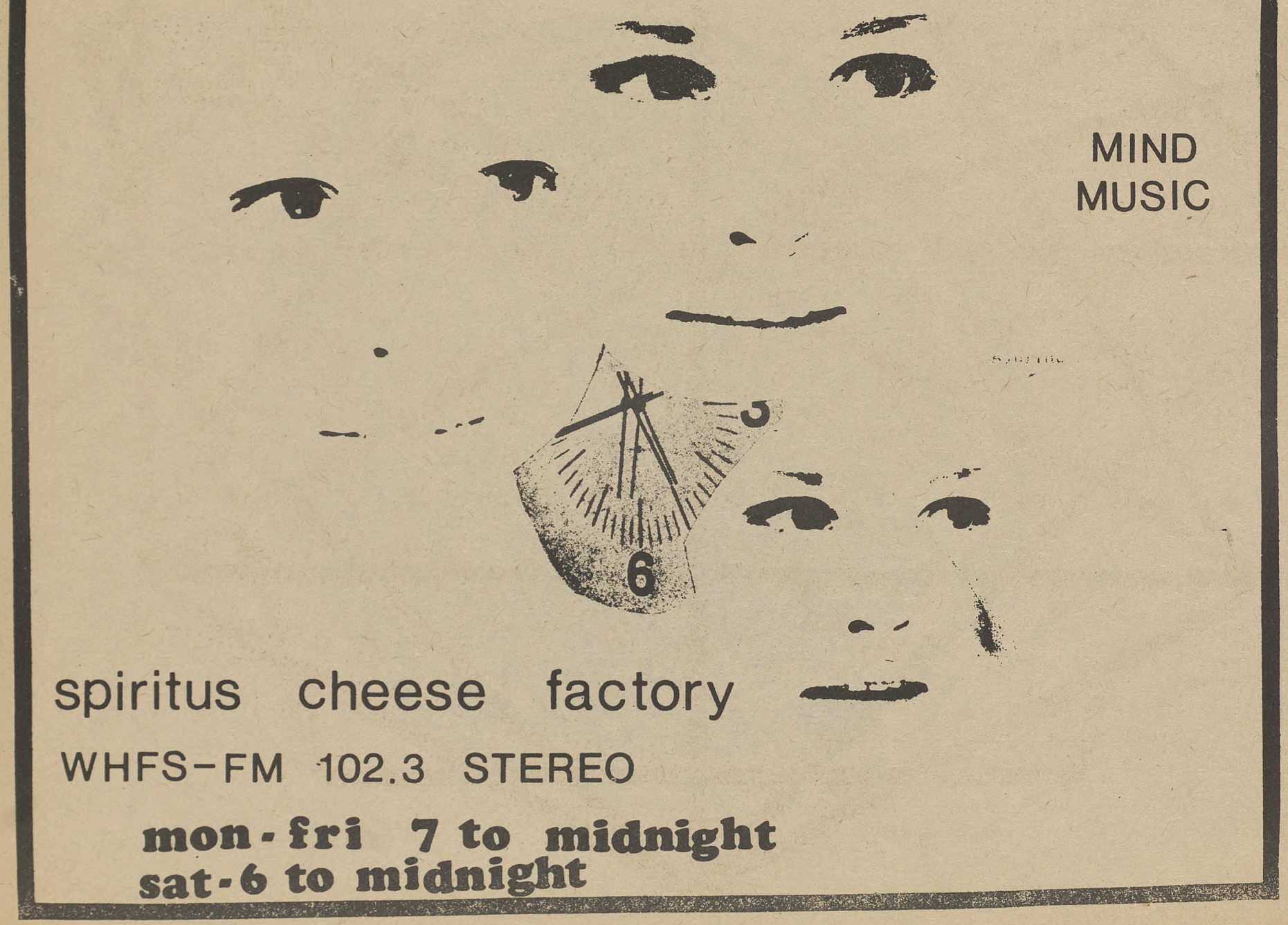


# HELLO!

In the future, as in the past, this page, Page 3, will be devoted to some local artistic venture that should be getting more consideration than it is, more attention, more response. This issue was supposed to carry a story on the other art papers and magazines in the area, and there is quite a good number of them. But some appeared at the last minute and we didn't know enough about them, so we'll hold off on that story until the next issue. But, in the meantime, make a point of looking around, explore a little, take a chance and invest a little in your curiosity.

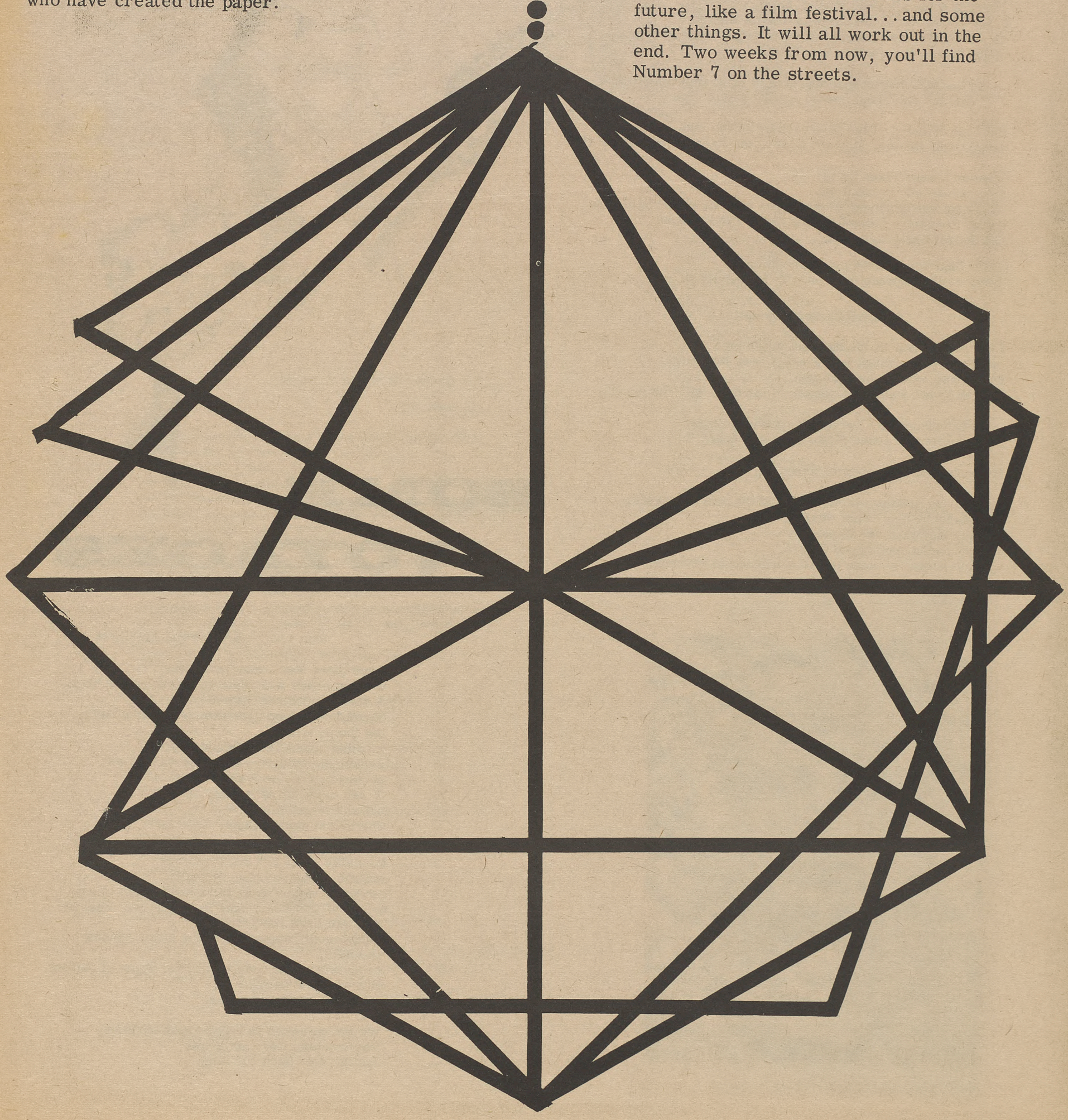
We started this paper because there are so many good creative people in the area, and through WoodWind, they can find a regular forum for their talents. It's important to be reliable, we feel, so we make sure that we appear every two weeks as scheduled.

Selling WoodWind on the streets is one way to make money, and often the people you buy a paper from are the very people who have created the paper.

We know its hard to find us. We have no office, though Emergency has let us use their office until we could find one of our own. We're still looking, feeling we have to be somewhere where people can come to us easily. We have no phone, though you can leave a message at Emergency , and we will call back. It's hard to put a paper together this way, but we believe we have a good thing going, and hope to be around for a long time.

If you are a writer, a photographer or an artist or a nice person, try to find us, or let us know that you are around. If you want to help, you are very welcome. We need people, especially for distribution in the suburbs. And people to sell are always welcome (you can get 15¢ for each paper you sell-bulk distributors are listed on page 2).

We began this paper because the arts in Washington , and the artistic community, are not always encouraged here. Sharing in the strengthening of that community is something everyone can be involved in. Ideas , criticisms are always welcome here. We have lots of schemes for the future, like a film festival... and some other things. It will all work out in the end. Two weeks from now, you'll find Number 7 on the streets.



## AFRAID OF DEATH
## AND NOT AFRAID

Stop staring.
Reach into the silence.
Yes, I will love you.
I want to love you
because I don't want to die alone.
I don't want to die,
alone or any other way,
but at least if I have loved you
I cannot die without you,
and I can't be left behind.
I love
and I reach
because I fear death.
And I will leave myself here eternally.
I will touch,
and I will paint what I touch.
And then I will die
and leave myself in every brushstroke.

## WATCHING THE NIGHT REMAIN NIGHT, 1 am

There is complete darkness around me.
I kneel at my window,
watching the darkness grow visible.
I am thinking about you
though you don't know it.
You never will
unless God chooses.
I have no way.
There is no sound
and I want there to be none.
There is a light
that is not light
that is the moon.
The dark places and the shadowed places
are embraced by the moonlight as by your arms.
How beautiful to exist as moonlight,
reaching out,
gently touching with limitless fingertips.
I exist, as I do, in darkness.
You must be very happy.

## NORTHCOUNTRY

This lake is something no watercolor brush can capture.
The only thing not real about it now
is the reflection of the lights on the far shore.
The darkness has brought the water close to the shore,
where before it stretched tree to tree.

In the car George was speaking of built-in obsolescence.
"And the only sane course for the public now. . ."

But I am thinking of the firecrackers in the lake,
and the way the star appears first in the lightest part of the sky.

The sun always rises on the lake
and touches our shore first,
where we are raptured by the silver worship of the hemlocks,
trying to capture the gold of the black-eyed-susans,
and dodge flies in the dust.

I have heard it is a simple explanation.
"Blues is the expression of man's inhumanity to man.

And in this inhuman age. . ."

I put more wood on the fire and watch bats
on crepe-paper wings hunt insects over the water.
One grows used to mosquitoes.
I drink brown water and wonder if the deer will come back.

"The drumbeat," writes the anthropologist,
imitates the sound of the mother's heart."

Here lies the root of everything.

Listen, the weather grows cold and the fish go deeper.
The fishermen go home weeping
and the highways are impassible.
Caught in the southbound traffic,
I watch ducks fly south in their urgent and reverent vee.

# SOME VOYAGES

## NATIONAL ANTHEM

Once there was a king in a tower
who sat hours weaving songs on a golden harp.
A barbaric woman slew him.
She did not creep upon him as a cat by dark,
but fooled him,
clothing herself in silk and satin,
perfumed of flowers and easy to believe,
because her eyes seemed large.
It was make-up all along,
but she fooled him.
She fooled many people,
for they were trusting, and she was wicked
Foolishly, they left the two alone
and she murdered him, brutally,
cardfully wiping away the traces of his blood.
so that it was some time before he was missed.
And she lives there still,
occasionally appearing at the tower window
to smile,
to pursue her accusers with her army of suitors.
But we know who she is,
we here not cheering her.

We weren't born to cause great troubles.
The troubles were given us.
Just give us back our king.

## ME: THE METAPHYSICS OF RAIN

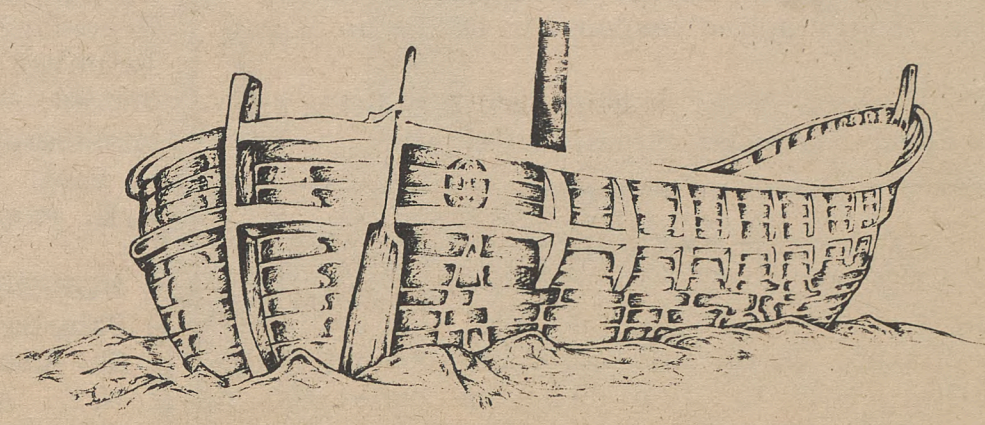
Being ten or twelve,
I believed in the power of breath:
that Jack breathed frost on the glass,
that Spring's warm breath drove him off,
that winds sighed and whistled.
And the rain terrified me,
and the thunder,
not being blown in birth.
I was told the thunder was empty sound,
but it was knowing I would wake in the night to
the sound of rain.....
At war with the good warm sun and the natural breathing air,
it churned the earth to chaos
and dampened my very bed with its raw chill.

Oh rain
I dance for you.

I grew up with the power of spells.
Mystified by yours,
I am the worshipper at your soggy altar
who holds the undefeated lamp against the dark air.
You who were not defeated and are not still,
give me the strength to slide mountains
if I can move them no other way.
Give me the power of the empty thunder
to flood the valleys with my tears,
the tears that are rain, that are you,
at whose altar I am humble.

You who liberate none,
who weep your descent from the skies,
you are not like the wind,
nor like frost,
nor spring.
For you are fallen from the sky,
wringing your weeping way heavenward again
by the mercy of the sun.
Grant me the vision
that I , too, may, for but your brief instant
free from the breathing air and burning sun,
posess the sky.

February 26,1970



# SUE TICHEY

## AND NOT WANTING TO BE RICH

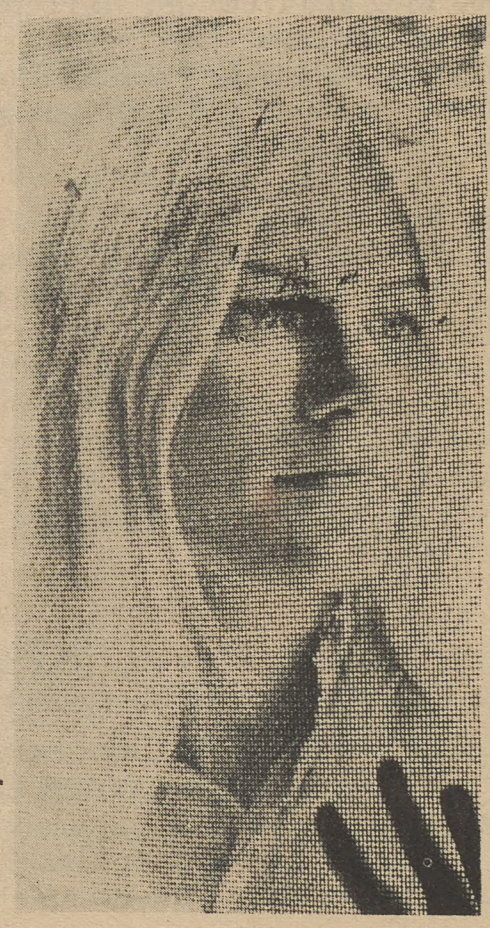
--for Manuel

I'm thinking about you on these warm spring days,
just like the day we went to the falls.
Remember? I do.
We sat on the island, ants crawling over us.
On the way there in the car you sang us Spanish songs,
beautiful melodies, never telling what the words said.
They said anything we wished them to.
We talked about catfish who ate popcorn with ducks,
and you promised to show them to me sometime.
They lived in a cemetary.
With the dead you find these things.
You talked about a distant drum and a child that cried,
and you talked about poor people coming together
and about the guilt of a man.
You could see something more than others
in sun-baked rock,
in foaming water.
We were four people from another place,
meeting because it was meant that way,
not by chance.
The things we said to each other had meaning,
because on those days we had meaning.
Those were the days, eh?
With something to fight for
instead of waking up each day, asking yourself,
'What shall I do today?'
You knew.
It was something you'd been on,
and were on,
and knew you would be on,
because it was that important.
It was always there, more than a part of you.

And you were there because you'd never met the right woman,
and a Black soldier once pulled you out of some ditch.
You used to jump to be free,
but this was one Mexican-American who wasn't marching anymore.
As you said,
I don't want to be rich.
I have more fun.

## MORNING IN THE BLUE TENT

Waking up when the wind has stopped
is waking up smiling
without make-up
with tangled hair
with no walls anymore
with my friends lying beside me.
The roar of the water
not like the sound of traffic,
and the warm smell of the sun
I had almost forgotten.
To drive a hundred miles
just to wake up in peace
to lend a shirt for a pillow
and not be going anywhere,
just waking up damp,
lying on the ground.



# BROOKLAND FESTIVAL

For the second year, the Brookland community in Northeast Washington is sponsoring the Martin Luther King Jr., Memorial Arts Festival. To take place during the week of May3-May 9 throughout the area, the festival will encompass all of the arts from dance to music, movies , and art shows. A feature of the festival from Thursday through Saturday nights will be Adult and Youth Coffe Houses, with entertainment and room for creative endeavor.

In keeping with the community spirit, all of the planned activities are free and open to all. According to the festival planners, anything goes---last year they were able to structure a free form atmosphere in which many persons were able to participate---one group setting up a pottery wheel and many bringing their guitars.

"Besides bringing people together to do something for themselves and their neighbors, and developing the artistic resources of the community for the people who live in it, the planners also hope to demonstrate the relatioship among artistic expression, forms of religious worship, and every individual's active response to life as he experiences it."

A schedule of events of the festival, which is being sponsored by the Upper Northeast Ministry, follows:

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Sunday May 3

Parade, 2:30 p.m. From Taft Junior High School, 18th and Perry Sts. , N.E. to site of 69 homes confiscated by the city (10th Street area). Come and see the decorated plywood panels on the homes. Bands-music-decorate a bike-bring banners- organize a group.
ECUMENICAL WORSHIP SERVICE: 4p.m. 10th & Evarts Sts., N.E. (to follow parade)
OPENING OF THE FESTIVAL AND COMMUNITY ART SHOW: 7-9 p.m. Brookland Methodist Church- 14th & Lawrence Sts., N. E. Meet the artists, festivals workers and special guests in informal coffee house setting.

Monday May 4:

MULTI-MEDIA MIGHT: 7:30 - 10:30 p.m. McKendree Methodists Church-South Dakota & Lawrence Sts., N.E. Light show- continuous films-continuous slides-poster room -sound room.

Tuesday May 5:

DRAMA NIGHT: 8 p.m. St. Peter's Lutheran Church 1725 Michagan Ave., N.E.
MARTIN LUTHER ME -A play by Joseph Coleman. A seven-scene drama which draws its theme from the Spirit who freed King and frees us. Directed by Dee Porter and Joseph Coleman.
THE INNER VOICE: Men from Lorton Reformatory in a narrative song in honor of Martin Luther King, Jr. T. Sal Anzalone-director.

Wednesday May 6:

CHORAL CONCERT AND COMMUNITY SINGING: 8p.m. Isle of Patmos Baptist Church- 12th & Rhode Island Ave., N.E. Washington Children's Choir, Judith St. Aubin, director. Intermediate Chorus-Isle of Patmos Church, Benjamin Cutler, Jr., director. Turkey thicket Choral Arts Society & Instrumental Ensemble, Jeremy Young and Kim Wessling, directors. Federal City College Folk Choir, William Moore, director.

Thursday May 7:

DANCE CONCERT: 8 p.m. - Our Savior Episcopal Church 16th & Irving Sts., N.E. Brookland
Youth Folk Dance Group Vera Mai Duerksen, director. Rhythmn Choir of People's Congregational Church, Mrs. Melvin Addison, leader. Catholic University International Folk-Dancers, Vera Mai Duerksen & Alex Roca, leaders. African Heritage Dancers & Drummers, Melvin Deal, director.

Friday May 8:

YOUTH TALENT NIGHT: 8-11 P.M. -Sherwood Presbyterian Church, 22nd & Varnum Sts., N.E. Talented performers from local elementary, junior high and high schools.

Saturday May 9:

OUTDOOR FOLK-DANCING: 4-7 P.M. - St. Anthony's Church, 12 & Lawrence Sts., N.E. (parking lot-in case of rain- Parish Hall) Open to all- refreshments

Sunday May 10:

CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC-FROM BACK TO GERSHWIN: 7:30 P.M. Notre Dame Chapel-Trinity College, Michigan Ave. & Franklin Sts., N.E. Washington Children's Choir, Judith St. Aubin, Director.

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Art Shows:

COMMUNITY ART SHOW:Monday -Saturday, 12 A.M. -9 P.M. Brookland Methodist Church, 14th & Lawrence Sts., N.E. Paintings-sculpture-photographs--by professional and amateur artists, children and adults. HUMP(Howard University Mississippi Project) ART SHOW: Monday -Saturday, 12 A.M. -9 P.M. Randall Memorial Baptist Church, 3200 22nd St., N.E. Professional art works on sale for benefit of HUMP.

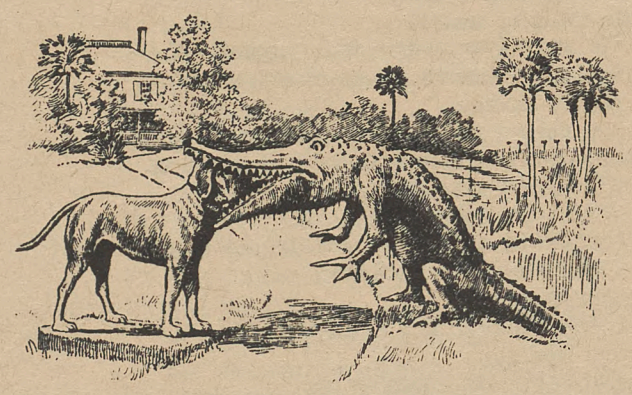
HOBBIES AND CRAFTS SHOW: Friday, 7-10 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m. -9 p.m.; Sunday, 10 a.m. -6 p.m., St. Anthony's Church (Lower Hall), 12th & Lawrence Sts. N.E. Artistic craftwork by individuals and families collections of artifacts of artistic and cultural value.

Film Shows:

DAILY FILM SHOWS: 4 p.m. -Woodridge Library, 18th& Rhode Island Ave., N.E.
Monday, May4: I HAVE A DREAM
Tuesday, May 5: THE HURDLER; FIRST FESTIVAL OF NEGROE ARTS
Wednesday, May 6: BLACK HISTORY, LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED (Part I)
Thursday, May 7: BLACK HISTORY, LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED (Part II)
Friday, May 8: MARTIN LUTHER KING
(Showings approximately one-half hour)

Coffee Houses:

FAMILY: Brookland Methodist Church, 14th & Lawrence Sts., N.E. -Thursday-Saturday, 8-12 p.m. Refreshments Live entertainment, art show.
YOUTH: Michigan Park Christian Church, South Dakota & Taylor St., N.E. Thursday, 8-11 p.m.; Friday- Saturday, 8-12 p.m. Refreshments live music, art workshop, dancing.
Youth: Our Redeemer Lutheran Church, 2 Rhode Island Ave. N.E. -Thursday, 8-11 p.m.; Friday- Saturday, 8-12p.m. Refreshments-live music-art workshop-dancing.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Elliott Erwitt is a Magnum photographer. Magnum photography has gained a worldwide reputation as being about the best there is since its inception in 1936. Erwitt's work, now on display at the Museum of History and Technology, reflects that quality.

Erwitt was born in Paris in 1928 and lived in Italy before moving to the U.S. A professional at the age of 16, Erwitt joined Magnum in 1953. He has gained international fame for his photojournalism and his fashion and advertising photography.

Subtle humor typifies Erwitt's work. He has a refined sense of seeing humorous possibilities in people, places, and events that are not, on the surface, funny. Most of his photographs are of everyday situations that are shown to us in "glimpse" fashion.

Erwitt's subjects are the man in the street; one series of ten photographs is concerned with the dog in the street. Another series shows some ludicrous scenes at a nudist camp.

Some would say he is lucky to be near these situations. This is not true. Erwitt is not lucky; he is skilled in seeing the possibilities of a particular situation.

Erwitt has the patience to wait. He sees a situation, then waits for his subject to hit the exact spot to make the photograph work. The selections at this exhibit all show the precise timing that marks a professional. Each photo presented is strong enough to stand alone, even the few that are in short series or sequences and the technical quality of each is excellent .

This is a show that will please the serious photographer interested in seeing professional quality. It is a show that will delight the non-photographer who is interested in seeing the an using moments of life.

# PHOTO

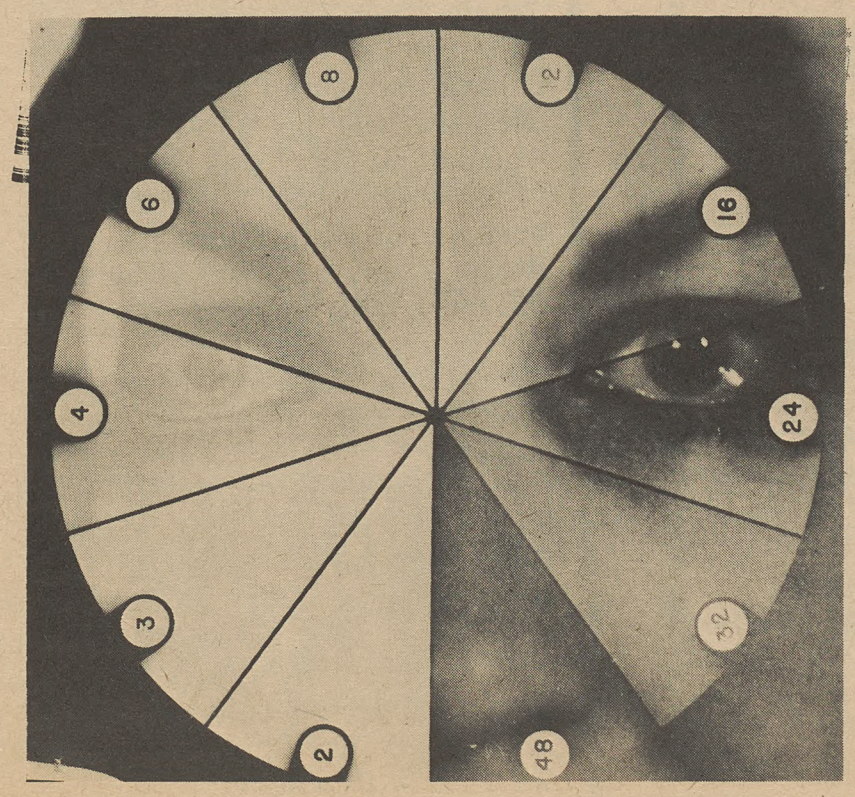
David Watt

March on Washington: A Photographic Exhibition of Protest was presented at GWU Center Gallery during April. A selection of approximately 45 prints by GWU and Corcoran Art School students depicted the events of November 15, 1969.

The new Student Center Gallery has to rank as one of Washington's finest places to hold a show. A swift elevator takes you to the red-carpeted third floor. There are well-illuminated showcases on both sides of a broad hall that has almost no traffic to disturb your concentration. Soft music complements the setting.

Unfortunately the show was not strong. The photographs were not strong individually, and the show itself had no structure. There was no pattern or sequence of events to guide the viewer, and since most of the prints were in a photojournalistic style without captions the viewer is often left out of the meaning or intent of the photograph. The show becomes 45 moments of time on November 15, 1969, with little or no logic behind it.

There is an important value to this show in spite of its weaknesses. The photographers are not professionals; they are students. The photographers have taken photos and , in most instances , have made excellent prints. And, they have been given an opportunity to display their efforts in a fine gallery atmosphere. The space that the GWU Center provides is important because too few spaces exist. Woodwind hopes that the center will have another show soon to give student photographers the chance to show their talent.



# rick

# nelson

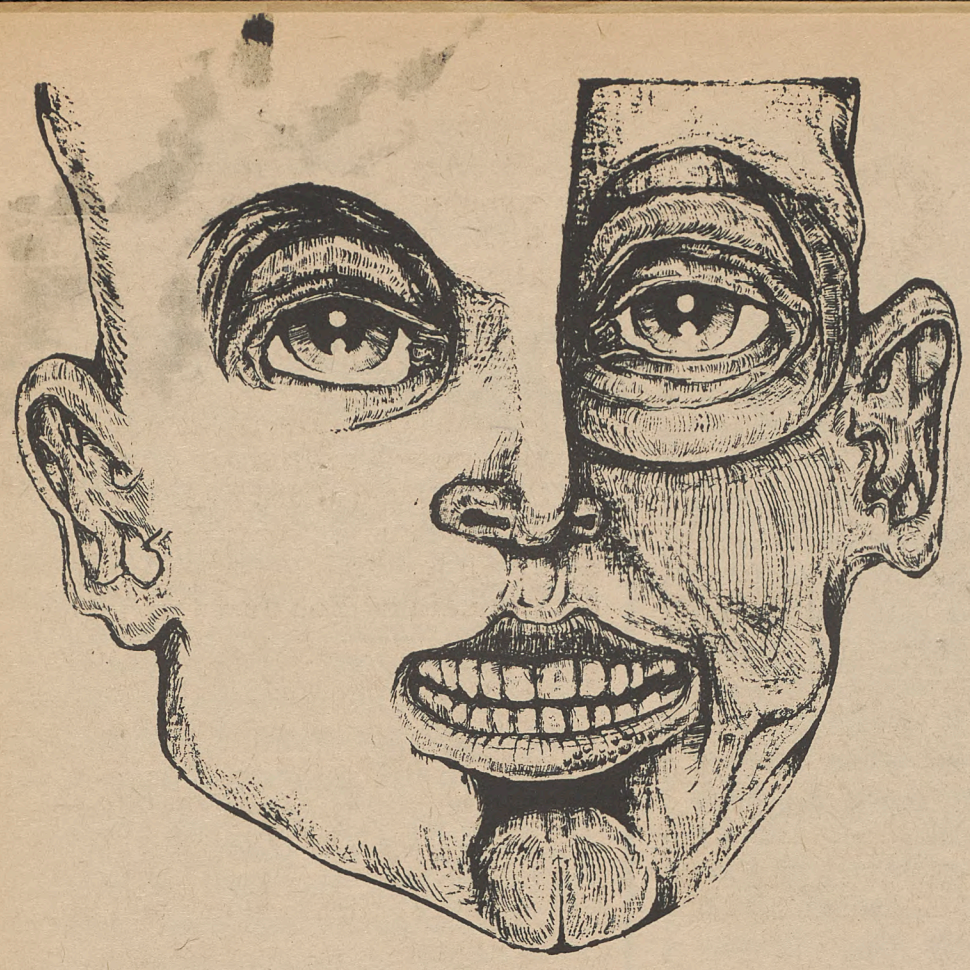
an interview by
John Zambetti,
at the Cellar Door

JZ: I wanted to ask you, first of all, why the return to the road?
Rick: Actually, I've been on the road quite awhile. It's kind of nice to have reason to go on the road. I have a live album out that's doing pretty well. That's not the reason why I'm on the road but it helps. I feel that I have a new thing going and I'd like people to hear it.
JZ: I noticed on that live album that Eric Anderson has done the liner notes and that you do his "Violets of Dawn". I was wondering how you and Eric go together?
Rick: I met Eric out on the coast at Troubador and I know some people that grew up with Eric back in Buffalo. We just got together and started playing and singing and things and I just got to know him real well.
JZ: Will you be doing anymore of his stuff?
Rick: Yeah, I hope to, he's a real good song writer, you know.
JZ: Yeah I'm from New York and I've followed Eric's career for a long time.
Rick: Have uou seen him lately?
JZ: Yes, he was just here about three months ago.
Rick: I haven't seen Eric. for awhile. He said he was going to go back East for a week and I haven't seen him in six months.
JZ: I wanted to ask you about the people you have working with you; the band. They're really good and I noticed fang out there. (note: Fang, Phil Volk, was the original bass player for Paul Revere and the Raiders).
Rick: Yeah, Phil Volk playing bass. Tom Brumley, the steel player was with Buck Owens for about seven years.
JZ: He's really amazing, those sustained harmonics really knock me out.
Rick: He really is. I know when I first started, I wasn't sure about how a steel would fit in, but I think it really makes it because all my earlier stuff was country kind of songs anyway.
JZ: I wanted to mention that recently there has been criticism leveled at you that, perhaps, you have been jumping on the Nashville bandwagon. But it's been my experience, especially with James Burton playing lead, that you've been pretty countrified right from the beginning. (note: James Burton was the original lead guitarist for Rick, after that he joined the Shindogs). (don't laugh too hard because Delaney Bramlett was in that group too and most recently he appeared on a Judy Collins album playing lead along with Steve STills.)
Rick: Yes, its true, that's always been the basic thing with my music, the country thing. James is from Louisiana hayride and we almost grew up together. He was sixteen when he started and so was I. Coming from Louisiana he was very country influenced.

JZ: I remember his work on the Judy Collins album. His leads were always so sharp
Rick: A lot of people in groups started out playing like James. He was really the first one to put banjo strings on his guitar...
JZ: ... and now Guild has taken up with Sidewinders.
Rick: ..and Slinky strings and all that. So he started some things.
JZ: What about the other fellows in the group?
Rick: Well, Allen Kemp is the lead guitar man. He and Pat Shanahan the drummer were both in a group called "The Poor" about three years ago.
JZ: Tjey had a 45 which was pretty big around here although I can't recall the name. (note. It was called "She's Got The Time")
Rick: I don't remember either, but they put out a lot of records. So, I was kind of lucky to get all these guys together.
JZ: This is just a little aside, but what is Wally doing nowadays?
Rick: I have no idea, I haven't seen him in two years. I think he's in Miami somewhere....
JZ: ...some frat house in Miami....
Rick: Yeah, right, eating alot.
JZ: Do you still have that fancy Ricky guitar?
Rick: Yes, that was a leather case. I still have it.
JZ: I thought the guitat actually looked that way. I alway like to find out all these things I've been wondering about the last 27 years.
Rick: No, it just slipped on over the Martin and it kind of muffled the sound which was kind of a good thing in those days, because I knew about three and a half chords.

JZ: Are you planning to make a comebsck as a drummer?
Rick: No, I've given that up actually. My drum playing leaves a lot to be desired.
JZ: I've noticed that you've taken to writing songs. I don't remember on the older albums you writing anything
Rick: NO, I didn't, except for one song on a country album, which I put out as a single. It was called "You Just Can't Quit" It did pretty well in the country market. That was the first thing I ever wrote. I just started writing again about a year ago. I enjoy it, I really do. It's a whole other thing.
JZ: It's pretty nice too.
Rick: Thank you.
JZ: I like that new one that you did tonight.
Rick: OH thanks, that's really just the third time we've done it so we're all kind of just learning it.
JZ: It's different from what I expected, although I really don"t know what I expected. The breaks in the middle actually reminded me of the Airplane but that has nothing to do with anything, it's just that i thought about them when I heard it.

What are you going to be doing now as far as recording goes?
Rick: Just recording and hope that people pick up on what I'm doing.
JZ: Will you try and work in more of your own songs?
Rick: Yeah, and write more and generally try to get better.
JZ: Is this group part of your whole thing now or is it just for the tour?
Rick: They've been with me for about a year now and everbodys willing to hang in there ith me and keep going so...
JZ: What ever happened to Randy Meisner? I followed him from Poco to your group and I wondered What happened to him.
Rick: He just kind of gave up in the music business and now he's in Nebraska with his wife and family. I don't know what he's doing but he's not playing anymore.
JZ: I've heard that you just did the Johnny Cash Show, how was it?
Rick: It was real good. We saw it back and it was wild. Doug Kershaw, the guy who wrote "Louisiana Man" was on it.
JZ: He'samazing. He plays about a million instruments.
Rick: Yeah, he plays about thirty different instruments. He's really freaky.
JZ: Did he wear his velvet suit?
Rick: He did. He really likes velvet.
JZ: I haard that the Everly Brothers are taking over the Johnny Cash Show for the summer.
Rick: That's right. In fact, we're going to do their second show. back on the coast. We'll tape it as soon as we get back out there.
JZ: Do you have much contact with the Everly Brothers?



## WATER BUGS

Riding a ten foot breaker crest high
I feel the spray pulsating upon me
as if born into a part hardly known
and then a thousand water bugs attack

these olympic swimmers lost in the rush
swarm over and under and through
like lost sheep sensing directions
they drive themselves blindly to death

wetness abounds my entire body
as in the Florida waters bathed
the water bugs play gloriously
deciding to dine among the voidance

lasting as long as the seas
as often as the cresting waves
warm like the summer sun
and strangely, these bugs never cease coming!

B.W. Smink

Rick Not too much. When I was at the Troubador, they came down. I got them up on stage and we sang "Bye, Bye, Love". I know them from a long time ago.
JZ: I imagine that a lot of your old friends are doing rock music nowadays. Can you mention a few names?
Rick: My friends you mean?
JZ: Or your enemies.
Rick: Gee, I don't know. I met Carl Perkins who has been my idol since I first started.
JZ: Are You Gettin' Any Feed For Your Chickens?"
Rick: Yeah. Guys like that are really the starting point of rock and roll.. A lot of groups are sort of offshoots from the early fifties and things
JZ: I suppose it's really difficult for you to have people yelling out for your old stuff when you're trying to do some new things.
Rick: I try to mix them up and do older songs. I think that they're the songs which people can identify with much more than the new things.
JZ: I hope that it won't keep you from developing your new material!
Rick: No, not at all.
JZ: I'm an old Buffalo Springfield fan.
Rick: Me too...
JZ: ...and a lot of your stuff reminds me of them.
Rick: It's funny, like all those groups are West Coast groups, and I don't know what it is but they all have similar backgrounds. There's more of a country thing going out on the West than on the East Coast.
JZ:...Well, there are some other people here who want to talk to you. I just wanted to ask you what your favorite color was.
Rick: Uh,...blue.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# two from big apple

PURLIE, a new Broadway hit
OPERATION SIDEWINDER in its final week at Lincoln Center

PURLIE: With the opening song "Walk Him Up the Stairs" the audience is already captured by the energy and the gospel-soul-rock-comic flavor of PURLIE, based on the play Purlie Victorious by Ossie Davis. The setting is a Georgia plantation, as yet unaffected by the 1954 Supreme Court decision, in which paternalistic Ol' Cap'n has been cheating his Black tenant farmers into debt. Purlie is a young, rambunctious, self-made preacher who has returned home from the north to found the Big Bethel Church of Freedom as an alternative to the bigotted exploitation of the Ol' Cap'n.

This creates the scene for some very entertaining and witty cuts on"Whitey's" role in the South(and elsewhere), while reinforcing for us the fact that Black is beautiful, and extremely talented. Both Cleavon Little and Melba Moore walked off with Tony awards (best actor and best supporting actress) for their performances as Purlie and his pigtailed Lutiebelle.

Melba Moore comes to PURLIE after playing the lead in HAIR, and she proves with "He Can Do It", "Purlie" and show-stopper "I Got Love" that she has one of the most versatile, natural, beautiful and powerful voices on Broadway. Her characterization of naive Lutiebelle, who would do anything to get Purlie, is both humorous and refreshing.

Cleavon Little as Purlie, is the image of a spindly preacher, chanting his gospel with convincing soul and undulating rhythm. Also of note is Novella Nelson who beautifully portrays Aunt Missy, keeping the Southern home fires burning. Her voice has a strong, yet lyrical quality to it which really comes across in her duet with Purlie "Down Home." The song is reminiscent of the tone and beat of a Bobbie Gentry tune.

Sherman Hemsley plays the comic Gitlow ("How low can you get?") an Uncle Tom type who ingratiates himself on both sides of the fence. His lip service to the Ol' Cap'n provides some moments of wonderful hilarity, especially when he presents him with the "Great White Father" of the year award.

The music in PURLIE is alive, melodic and full of feeling, and the voices are exhilarating and beautiful. The strong ballad-like "First thing Monday Morning" and, of course, "Walk Him Up the Stairs" done by members of the cast are excellent and very moving; during both songs the audience began to join in snapping their fingers and clapping along.

The show proudly displays the talents of Black artists in all levels of the production. It boasts the first Black woman to conduct the opening of a Broadway show--Joyce Brown.

All in all, PURLIE merits the warm applause and ovations it receives, as a hit musical soul comedy.

OPERATION SIDEWINDER: The band got the best applause at OPERATION SIDEWINDER, but that doesn't mean that the whole play-experience is not sensational (literally.) The production of this new avant-garde piece by 26 year-old Sam Shepard at the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center is truly an achievement in the successful integration of lighting, music, set design and theatrical imagery, which envelopes and involves the audience. The Vivian Beaumont Theater is especially suited for these technical effects, and I have a feeling that it would be difficult to duplicate this elsewhere. If you are in the right mood for this play, it will really blow your mind.

Michael Smith, speaking about another of Shepard's plays Icarus's Mother, which he directed, best describes the playwright's style and skill. "When I read it, I couldn't tell the characters apart--and Sam said he doesn't think about characters. I was struck by the play's smooth, mysterious ascent from cozy reality to high lyricism and symbolism, its debonair plunge into the sharky deeps of resonant meaning. All Sam's plays use the stage to project images: they do not relate to the spectator by reflecting outside reality (they are not psychological or political); but rather they relate to reality by operating directly on the spectator's mind and nerves. The imagery is surreal, the method nonrational, the sensibilty hunchy. It's always hard to tell what, if anything, Sam's plays are "about"--although they are unmistakably alive."

Listening to the music, the beat, the puns, the absurd-funny lyrical speeches, you are carried into a mad-fantasy-reality desert world of pop-art Americana--ranging from hippies to drugs, Black militants, tourists, the SDS, UFO's, computers, the military and Indian ritual and myth. (Many of the same themes and character-types appear with less success in Zabriskie Point, in which Shepard collaborated with Antonioni on the script.)

The plot (which would be next to impossible to describe on paper) revolves around a computerized, nine foot snake, with blinking red eyes, which has been freed into the desert by Air Force (farce) scientist Dr. Vector, wonderfully portrayed by Michael Miller as a vintage Dr. Strangelove, in order that it may fully realize its cosmic secret potential.

Various absurd situations occur--the snake wraps itself around Honey (an Elvis Presley fan type) whose struggle to be freed changes amusingly to enjoyment for a few moments; a Young Man (who has just killed her husband Dukie,who was in search for help) appears on the scene who has been associating with Indians, Black Panthers, and a prospector in a plot to put dope in the water supply of an Air Force station; Honey gets high with the Young Man, thinking that he is injecting himself with insulin instead of something else; and the Air Force gets riled over the subversive activities of those "creeps" and tries to recover the sidewinder--which all leads to the fulfillment of an Indian ritual-myth that once the sidewinder's head is rejoined with its body, the existing order will be destroyed, to be replaced by a new fourth world. It's amazing and almost unnecessary that the play maintains a controlled continuity throughout this disjointed series of events, for the play--the words, the action, the lighting and the music--all flow in a constantly changing rhythm which can be appreciated on its own level.

The greatest impact occurs at the end of the first act when the Young Man richly delivers a monologue filled with meaning and non-meaning--his changes of voice, the ironies of his lines, his physical actions and stage imagery, which are both repulsive and fascinating, draw you into his freaked out world and confront you. The growing beat, accented by the lightening effect of the lights, captures and excites you.

Then following this climactic moment, Shepard builds toward a second climax. The Holy Modal Rounders five-piece group begin on a downbeat with the "Alien Song", the most captivating song in the show which was also written by Shepard, which continues while a strobe light whirls through the audience, crescendos and grows to an almost explosive momentum (which is followed by the cultural shock of an intermission.)

Throughout the play one is discouraged by the inconsistent acting of the Young Man, played by Andy Robinson, but he reached the heights of impressive acting in this sequence. Other performances which stood out among the many characters were Joseph Mascolo's tipsy, establishment Colonel Warner on the subject of breeding his dog; Roberts Blossom as the earthy and colorful prospector Billy; and Barbara Spiegel, as the cameo inquisitive, gabby SDS fellow traveler trying to relate to three cool, hungry Black militants while taking their orders in a drive-in.

Special note should be made of director Michael A. Schultz for ambitiously visualizing the production and for his audacity in carrying off the intentions of the play. Schultz won an Obie for his direction of The Song of the Lusitanian Bogey at the Negro Ensemble Company and is the director for the film version of Manchild in the Promised Land. Other note should be made of Douglas W. Schmidt who designed the excellent sets (everything from automobiles to a movie screen with an American flag for a curtain); John Gleason for lighting; and Pril Smiley Dilson for his electronic music and effects.

The play is interspersed with the transitional "billirock" music of the Holy Modal Rounders, a fine group with a country fiddle for extra color. At one time Sam Shepard was a member of this group and two of his songs are in the show--the rest were conceived by the Rounders and were performed as if in a rock concert during set changes. Even if the play were bad, one would appreciate the chance to hear this group, and for those of us who did, they played several extra songs after the show.

All total, OPERATION SIDEWINDER creates a milieu which vividly re-establishes theatre as a NOW medium of expression. In a way it's nice to feel that the rapidly advancing art-form of film would not be able to replace the impact and the sensory excitment of this play.

by Ruth Stenstrom

# SEARCHING OUT THE BRIGHTEST STAR IN ALL OF WALES

By Charlene James

Dylan Thomas is not at the National Theatre. Although Jack Aranson, who devised the production and plays the leading role, attempts to mimic the intonations of the Welsh sing-song poet, the audience leaves the performance still looking for the greatest lyric poet of this century.

Perhaps a man of mood, conscious of his own passage through life cannot be immortalized in play form. The drunken sot with careless habits is easy to portray, but how does one stage an ability to create the unusual in turning words rarely juxtaposed. How can reference to darkness and light be translated without using hackneyed "Star" images? How does one put on the boards, "I fornicated an entire nation with the sound of my voice" and give it the ring of a man who was defeated by his own potential for greatness.

Granted the task is a great undertaking. Dylan's behavior; his drinking, philandering, ribald reputation are proper matter for a burlesque. It is easy to quote his off the cuff humor as "You, Madam, are not to be believed, but I believe you", to the chairwoman of an afternoon tea, or "Someone ought to go into the Arts and make an Industry of it". Yet this production never explores the feeling conveyed in "the October wind With frosty fingers punishes my hair," or "Draw on the glove of prints, dead Cairo's henna pour like a halo on the caps of serpents".

A strong husband, a strong wife, but a weak marriage can easily be written into dialogue. Sympathetic character assasination by a wooden supporting cast speaks to an audience of an inconsiderate, irresponsible Dylan Thomas but does not really say "Perhaps only 1% of a poet's life is poetry, the rest he stores up for when the magic comes." And what man wouldn't take advantage of poet-hungry, diamond-studded females who make all the arrangements to be bedded, as they throw in an honorarium as an inducement.

The Dylan Thomas who could see, "In a tower of words... on the horizon walking like the trees the wordy shapes of women and the rows of star-gestured children in the park", was neglected. A more delicate, less literal production might have gotten past the staggering, blubbering exterior to the man "tickled by the rub of love". A yet to be written play may take Thomas via an exploration of sex, conquest, life, death, and decay to the solution that "Man be my metaphor".

Each time the stage went dark for the unending series of blackouts, I wished for a simple table, phonograph and album of Dylan reading Thomas with the purity of conviction that had evaded both playwright Sidney Michaels and actor Arason. Their Dylan went far too gently and ineffectually into that dark night.

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Booking for the May performances opens on Monday, April 27. Members may buy tickets for themselves and up to two guests. Personal and telephone applications *only* to the American Film Institute, 1815 H Street NW, Washington D.C. 20006. Hours: 9:00 - 5:30 P.M. Monday - Friday. On April 27 *only*, the ticket office will be open at 8:30 A.M.

Tickets reserved by telephone (347-5792) must be paid for *at least 48 hours in advance*. Tickets reserved within 48 hours of a performance will be held at the door until 15 minutes before show time. Remaining tickets will be sold at the door 30 minutes before the performance begins. Seats are unnumbered.

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**Location**
Use the Constitution Avenue entrance of the National Gallery of Art or (up to 9:00 P.M. weekdays, 10:00 P.M. Sundays) the Mall entrance.

**Our grateful thanks are due to:**
David Shepard, Eileen Bowser, Barry Reardon, J. Raymond Bell, Harry MacIntyre, H. H. Martin, Irving Weiner. Stills courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art. Piano accompaniment, May 2 - 8, by Arthur Kleiner. Please note: *The Wedding March* may be shown with its original musical sound track. *The Sheik* (May 8) has not been finally confirmed as we go to press. If it can be cleared in time it will be shown by courtesy of Paramount and Columbia, and by special arrangement with the Estate of Edith M. Hull and Raymond Rohauer.

**SUNSET BOULEVARD**
**FRI., MAY 1 6 & 8:30 P.M.**
Odd, perhaps, to begin a program with an epitaph, but *Sunset Boulevard* captures perfectly the glamor and tawdriness, the illusions and reality of vintage Hollywood. Everyone knows the film, but, like the New York skyline it is always surprising. Buster Keaton and Cecil B. De Mille have walk-ons; Gloria Swanson projects a fragment of herself in Stroheim's Queen Kelly — and, though we're meant to laugh, it really is moving. The combination of a crackling script from Wilder and Brackett, flawless acting and an expressionist delight in tall shadowy rooms and the huge staircase of the memorable last scene, make it the Paramount film par excellence. And that's the irony: what was intended as a cynical comment on the legendary past has become deeply embedded in that past. — M.W. (1950. Directed by Billy Wilder. 110 mins. Courtesy of Paramount Pictures).

**MALE AND FEMALE**
**SAT., MAY 2 6 & 8:30 P.M.**
"At the dawn of the Roaring Twenties, Cecil B. DeMille began to counterpoint his religious spectacles with films such as this one: smart, sophisticated comedy romances, set against a background of beauty and luxury, with heroines who were neither wicked vamps nor innocents, but believable women whose love affairs were slightly daring, women who stepped outside convention. His films featured intimate scenes enacted in bedrooms and bathrooms, gorgeous with the make-believe trappings of the very wealthy. *Male and Female*, the film that made Gloria Swanson a star, represents the American feature film as it was to develop in the 'twenties, forcasting with great prescience and impact, the postwar revolution in tastes and manners." — Eileen Bowser, Museum of Modern Art Film Notes. (1919. Also starring Thomas Meighan. 120 mins. Courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art and Columbia Pictures).

**THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK**
**SUN., MAY 3 6:00 & 9:00 P.M.**
"Sternberg sets a group of colorful underworld characters against a picturesque setting, to make one of his most totally effective silent films... The fog, the glistening bodies of the stokers, the low-life backgrounds, were rendered in a rich chiaroscuro. He had two new actresses to work with, Olga Baclanova and Betty Compson, and he contrasted them to good effect. The settings reminded one at times of Greed, but Sternberg's soft-focus, rather caressing lighting lent them a glamour and feeling quite unlike Stroheim's harsh, bitter work." — *Sight and Sound*. (1928. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. Also starring George Bancroft. 80 mins. Courtesy of Paramount Pictures). Also:

**A WOMAN OF THE WORLD**
"Into Maple Valley comes a Countess, late of the Riviera, played by Pola Negri — she of the long gown, cigarette holder, tatoo and an air of irreproachable elegance. Does she fall backward with admiration for the virtues of this provincial small town? Like heck. The people are seen through her worldly eyes as narrow, folksy, a bit gross, gauche as anything, and above all, hypocrites. *A Woman of the World* is a stylistic achievement: the camerawork showing smoothness, skill, compression; the action has wit, charm and zest and the comedy is superb without falling into the ridiculous. *A Woman of the World* could well bear revival. — Arthur Lenning, *The Silent Voice* — A Sequel. (1926. Directed by Mal St. Clair. Also starring Chester Conklin. 70 mins. Courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art and Paramount Pictures).

**MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**
**MON., MAY 6:00 & 9:00 P.M.**
Paramount, which had been the first to refuse Robert Flaherty's completed *Nanook of the North*, was also first to appreciate the possibilities of narrative documentary after the Eskimo film made money. 'You can go anywhere you like, the world is your oyster,' Jesse Lasky told Flaherty. 'All you have to do is to bring back another Nanook'. Flaherty, who had never been to Samoa, worked three years in the making of this picture, building the film bit by bit by retaining only those shots approved as authentic in feel by his native cast and their tribal chiefs. The film is a true record of a now-vanished culture — through Paramount, who really wanted the love story of a South Seas siren, was sorely disappointed. All they got was a beauty-drenched poem. — David Shepard. (1926. 80 mins. Courtesy of Paramount Pictures). Also:

**IT**
Clara Bow was the epitome of liberated femininity and 'It' for every shop girl in America. Paramount's definitive answer to "What is 'It'"? boasted a stately appearance by Madame Elinor Glyn, the portly and decidedly it-less authoress, but expert on such matters. Although the image of a cheerfully predatory girl was disquieting to most of Madame Glyn's contemporaries, Clara Bow conveyed enough peppy charm and youthful exhuberance to mollify the Ladies' Leagues and more than captivate the gentlemen in the audience. — Gary Kreisberg. (1927. Directed by Clarence Badger. Also starring Antonio Moreno. 66 mins. Courtesy of The Library of Congress and Paramount Pictures).

**A KISS FOR CINDERELLA**
**TUE., MAY 5 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.**
"One of the loveliest and most poignant silent films, *A Kiss for Cinderella* was a flop when it first appeared. The tempo of the times was being stepped up — it was the jazz age, and gentle charm (except in the comedies of Langdon and Chaplin) was no longer box-office. The photography captured a genuine feeling of fairy-tale magic. The trick photography was stunning and the elaborate dream sequence, staged in terms of Cinderella's own Cockney imagination, was a fantastically sumptuous and magical episode. Pictorially alone, *A Kiss for Cinderella* is a masterpiece; but by any standards — direction, adaptation, performance — it is a film of lasting greatness. — William K. Everson. (1926. Directed by Herbert Brenon. With Betty Bronson, Esther Ralston. 108 mins. Courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art and Paramount Pictures).

**CHANG**
**WED., MAY 6 6:00 & 9:00 P.M.**
"Cooper and Schoedsack called their adventure film, 'a melodrama with man, the jungle and wild animals as its cast.' *Chang* centers on the struggle of one small family with the hostile animals of the surrounding jungle. If Siamese social life seems distant from the camera in *Chang*, the wild animals are uncomfortably close. Even with telescopic lenses and automatic cameras, Schoedsack had to risk life and limb a dozen times to secure these extraordinary shots of charging tigers, pouncing leopards and elephants on the rampage." — Iris Barry, Museum of Modern Art Film Notes. (1927. 80 min. Courtesy of The Library of Congress and Merian C. Cooper). Also:

**IT'S THE OLD ARMY GAME**
Elmer Prettywillie, played by W. C. Fields, is the proprietor of a small-town drugstore in Florida which has numerous customers but very few cash sales. Mildred Marshall, his clerk (Louise Brooks) of whom he is very fond, is the shop's main attraction although many fond eyes are cast upon our hero Mr. Prettywillie by Mildred's dowager aunt, Tessie Overholt. Director Eddie Sutherland smoothly referees W. C. Fields and his cast of delightful small-town eccentrics in this long-forgotten comedy gem, replete with delightful sight-gags and an almost surrealistic disregard for the logic of everyday life. — Gary Kreisberg. (1926. 70 mins. Courtesy of The Library of Congress and Paramount Pictures).

**THE BLUE BIRD**
**THU., MAY 7 6:00 & 9:00 P.M.**
Adapted from Maurice Maeterlinck's allegorical fantasy in which a blue bird, a symbol of happiness, is pursued by two children through realms of earth, body and spirit, this highly imaginative film has the exquisite charm of a Victorian valentine; even the exterior settings are painted abstractions, anticipating the famous *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* which was made a year later. Director Maurice Tourneur infused the cast with an emotional warmth and gentle good humor which have kept the tableaux as fresh as spun sugar, and though the present print has been much damaged by chemical deterioration, the landmark art direction and magnificent photography still conquer the somewhat disconnected narrative, offering an experience as fey and elegant as the doll-shop window of our dreams. — David Shepard. (1918. 60 mins. Courtesy of George Eastman House and Twentieth Century-Fox). Also:

**THE NARROW TRAIL**
"William S. Hart's first film for Artcraft, Paramount's prestige subsidiary, was a promising start. Hart had his familiar crew with him — Joe August photographing and Lambert Hillyer directing. It was not only one of Hart's best films, but also a synthesis of all that he had expressed before: sentiment, reformation, action, a love for his horse. Choice camera placements, a flair for spectacle, and a real "feel" for the dusty, unglamorized West, added up to the motion picture equivalent of the paintings of Frederic Remington or the drawings of Charles M. Russell... rugged poetry." — William K. Everson. (1917. 75 mins. Courtesy of the Library of Congress).

**THE SHEIK**
**FRI., MAY 8 6:00 & 9:00 P.M.**
After a torrid appearance in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, Paramount stole Rudolph Valentino, an ex-nightclub dancer from M.G.M. for *The Sheik*. No one was quite prepared for the impact that this film of desire on the desert sands would have on a repressed generation of American womanhood. A legion of flaxen-haired, dreamy-eyed heroes was rendered obsolete and replaced by a Latin burst of intense, brilliantined Romeos, whose bulging-eyed passion and heavy breathing mesmerised flappers and old maids alike. — Gary Kreisberg. (1923. Directed by George Melford. 80 mins.). Also:

**MISS LULU BETT**
"William de Mille realistically portrays a small American town in the 'twenties: the narrow lives, the pride and fear of scandal, and the jazz-age restlessness of the young. Lois Wilson gives a particularly subtle performance as Miss Lulu Bett, changing gradually before our eyes from the self-effacing drab to the pretty, assertive woman. One can believe in her, and contemporary audiences did. With modest film like *Miss Lulu Bett*, William de Mille brought a degree of maturity to the screen: instead of providing escape, he held a mirror to the faces of the audience." — Eileen Bowser. (1921. 66 mins. Courtesy of The Library of Congress and Paramount Pictures).

**THE WEDDING MARCH**
**SAT., MAY 9 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.**
Following the savage realism of *Greed* and the exotic entertainment of *The Merry Widow*, Stroheim was nervously hired by Paramount to make the flawed, but stunning masterpiece that is *The Wedding March*. It is a study of beauty and putrefying decay set in the last days of the Hapsburg Empire. Two scenes lodge unforgettably in the memory: Prince Nikki Wildeliebe-Rauffenberg (Stroheim himself) at the head of the Imperial cavalry, drawn up outside St. Stephen's Cathedral, conducting an intensely erotic, though silent, flirtation with a girl in the crowd, and, later, their tryst in the orchard by the banks of the Danube, embowered in a soft cloud of white petals. Even when his films were chopped in half (as this one was), Stroheim was still the greatest — as actor and director. — M.W. (1927. Also starring Fay Wray, Cesare Gravina, Zasu Pitts. 132 mins. Courtesy of The Library of Congress and Paramount Pictures).

**LOVE ME TONIGHT**
**SUN., MAY 10 5:30 & 8:30 P.M.**
"The most endearing and enduring of Thirties musicals, about a Parisian tailor who is mistaken for a Prince. The Mamoulian touch proves even defter than Lubitsch's; and the film dazzles with visual and aural jokes. No other film demonstrates so well Chevalier's charm or the wit of Jeanette MacDonald, who brilliantly sends up Lilian Harvey's Congress Dances carriage drive — warbling merrily as she is hurled into a ditch. The film opens, incidentally, with a restaging of the famous symphony of street noises from Mamoulian's Theatre Guild production of *Porgy*". — David Robinson. (1933. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Also starring Charlie Ruggles. 96 mins. Courtesy of Universal Pictures. Rouben Mamoulian will be present at both performances to introduce the film and answer questions. We also hope to show an excerpt from *Applause* (Mamoulian, 1929).

**THE SCARLET EMPRESS**
**MON., MAY 11 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.**
"Dietrich as the young and innocent Sophia Frederica marries the mad Grand Duke Peter of Russia, the ensuing insurrection bringing her to the throne as the new Empress Catherine. Sternberg's insolent wit was the last thing commented on in 1934 — the alternation of comic anachronisms with dramatic or exotic set-pieces. Not even Stroheim or Lubitsch could have surpassed the grand finale, with its trumpets, bells, Dietrich stomping about the palace in hussar's outfit and "The Ride of the Valkyries" on the soundtrack." — John Gillett.
Von Sternberg's Russia is like his China — false but ravishingly beautiful. Catherine's marriage in the candle-crammed cathedral becomes, characteristically, a study of the girl's emotions alone, the director closing in on her tremendous face to show, through a misting veil, her excited breath fluttering the candle flame in front of her. There is no scene, no set or shot that is not an emotional experience. — John Baxter. (1934. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. Starring Marlene Dietrich, John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser. 109 mins. Courtesy of Universal Pictures).

**TROUBLE IN PARADISE**
**TUE., MAY 12 6:00 & 9:00 P.M.**
"One of Ernst Lubitsch's most polished and engaging comedies. The premise is wry: Herbert Marshall, an accomplished and unrepentant jewel thief, attaches himself to the rich Kay Francis, as secretary and part-time lover, and is discovered by Miriam Hopkins, another thief and also ex-girlfriend of Marshall, who applies for and gets the post of her maid. Alternately competing and philandering, the couple work independently at getting Francis's money. As a victim of Marshall's, Edward Everett Horton spends the entire film trying to remember where he has seen Francis's secretary before, his abstraction, double-takes and final triumphant recollection providing one of the film's funniest running gags. From the first shot, as the camera pans over a scene of Venice to the voice of a tenor (Caruso himself) singing "O Sole Mio", then reveals him poling a garbage gondola, the film never lets fail its pace and cynicism." — John Baxter. (1932. 86 mins. Courtesy of Universal Pictures). Also:

**THE PRESIDENT VANISHES**
A powerful, controversial film on the theme of a President of the United States risking his life to keep America out of war. "Director William Wellman made of this fantasy material a taut, tough, action-filled mystery melodrama. Although the film mounts a scathing attack on the munitions industry, international bankers, and demagoguery, it spends little time pamphleteering: it illustrates, and moves on. It makes its points in crackling bursts, montages, and special effects, in a shorthand style. Wellman gives us the full terror of the fanatics in a single image: we see, through a shop window, a wide street on which the Gray Shirts run swiftly and silently into view, unseen by the object of their attack inside the shop until they burst noisily through the glass." — Eileen Bowser. (1934. Starring Arthur Byron, Charles Grapewin and Rosalind Russell. Courtesy of Universal Pictures).

Sturges' masterpiece because its artificiality and lack of seriousness are never flawed by 'deeper' significances or emphases, and the breakneck pace, the slapstick, are controlled." — Charles Higham and Joel Greenberg. (1941. Starring Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. 97 mins.). (Both films courtesy of Universal Pictures).

**CLEOPATRA**
**WED., MAY 13 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.**
"The Dreier sets and designs are remarkable, the Royal Barge an incredible fabrication, from its banks of oars, each surmounted with a carved ram's head, to the pillowed dais on which Cleopatra seduces Mark Antony. At her signal, an inexhaustible supply of slave girls bursts out of every door to perform a series of dances... a net-full, clad only in sea-weed, is dredged up to sprawl out wriggling on to the deck and offer seashells full of jewels. When Antony succumbs to her wiles, Cleopatra gestures to the slaves and, as veils rise around her bed and singing girls strew them with flower petals, the cadence of drummer strikes up the rhythm that sets the oars moving, and the barge moves slowly out to sea." — John Baxter. (1934. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. Starring Claudette Colbert, Henry Wilcoxon, 102 mins.). Also, an excerpt from Cecil B. De Mille's exotic masterpiece *Sign of the Cross* (1932). (Both courtesy of Universal Pictures).

**DESIRE**
**THUR., MAY 14 6:00 & 9:00 P.M.**
"Sleek and sophisticated and full of wit, the story casts Marlene Dietrich as a jewel thief who slips stolen pearls into Gary Cooper's pocket at the Spanish frontier for safe keeping. Needless to say there is more to the film than Marlene's attempts to retrieve the pearls and capitulate to Cooper's charms: for one thing the revelation of Dietrich as a silky light comedienne, with Cooper holding his own by virtue of sheer deliberate underplaying." — Peter John Dyer. (1936. Directed by Frank Borzage. 96 mins. Courtesy of Universal Pictures). Also:

**GOIN' TO TOWN**
"Mae West as a cattle-rustler's wealthy widow breaks into high society, finding time along the way to settle a murder mystery during a grand opera interval in which she is singing the role of Delilah. I think this is the best Mae West movie I have seen. She scripted it herself, and the film contains more memorable characteristic quips and inneuendoes than in any of her other vehicles. Note, too, the sublime way in which she by-passes the notorious Hays Production Code clean-up of 1934." — P.J.D. (1935. Directed by Alexander Hall. 68 mins. Courtesy of Universal Pictures).

**EASY LIVING**
**FRI., MAY 15 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.**
A classic Depression-era comedy. Millionaire banker hurls his wife's new sable coat out of the window; it lands on poor but honest Jean Arthur, who tries to return it. Two themes — the cynical extravagance of the rich, the cheerful optimism of the poor — are interwoven and treated with buoyant high spirits. There are some marvelous gags (the film was scripted by Preston Sturges): the banker's son opening up all the flaps in an auto at and provoking a near-riot as he and Jean Arthur steal away, or the same prodigal offering meaningless advice to near-hysterical investors — and proving, by chance, to have his father's inborn instinct for making money. — M.W. 1937. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Starring Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur and Ray Milland. 88 mins. (Also, an excerpt from Leisen's sparkling, bitter-sweet comedy, *Midnight*, with Claudette Colbert). (Both courtesy of Universal Pictures).

**PALM BEACH STORY**
**SAT., MAY 16 5:30 & 9:00 P.M.**
"The latest Preston Sturges film surprises and delights as though nothing of the kind had been known before. Farce and tenderness are combined without a fault. It is funny, wildly funny, not only in visual disasters and off-hand jokes, but with a soaring fantasy that is the opposite of surrealism. The sequences of the 'Ale and Quail Club' travelling by train with their guns and dogs — in the end they shoot every glass in the bar and view-haloo down the corridors — are delicious." — William Whitebait. (1942. Starring Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Rudy Vallee, Mary Astor. 88 mins.). Also:

**THE LADY EVE**
"This brilliant comedy of manners, heartlessly artificial and gay, showed Sturges' flair for timing, for editing a scene so that every shot told, at its best. Like so many of his films, it is the story of a ruthless woman hell-bent on the ruin of a helpless and innocent male... The film perfectly sustains a malicious and witty tone. The big scenes are brilliantly done. A card-game, won hands down by Jean's father "Handsome Harry" Harrington, flicking aces out of his sleeve to bring about Charlie Pike's defeat ("This is very embarrassing, just make it out to cash" he says as he collects $32,000)... *The Lady Eve* remains

Tupper 68
©Lanny Tupper 1969

# CINEMA &

Alain Resnais has made few films. All of them are honored, talked about, and distinguished; one or two are relatively popular. Beginning with a short film on Van Gogh and another on Picasso's Guernica, Resnais progressed through an extremely arresting short film on Auschwitz, entitled Night & Fog. In some corners of the film criticism world, this film has been hailed as the greatest film ever made, no less. It is indeed impressive and moving.

Resnais's first full-length feature film was popular and critically acclaimed. For it, he got the French novelist Marguerite Duras to produce a screenplay, and the result of their collaboration, named Hiroshima, Mon Amour, is an early milestone of French New Wave film. Like much of Resnais's output, Hiroshima, Mon Amour is cold and objective. It deals with tragic memories and other singularly non-cold matters in a very detached but nonetheless interesting way.

The second film which Alain Resnais made has come to represent a kind of extreme in film. It is called Last Year at Marienbad, and it is certainly one of the strangest & most unsettling films I have ever seen. With a script by another leading avant-garde French novelist, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Marienbad achieves a number of things; for one, it is the most estreme and powerful representation of pure decadence which I have ever seen, heard, or experienced in any form. That in itself is quite a distinction. For another thing, it carries the question of reality/unreality; present/future/past; memory/reality, etc., to its most direct filmic manifestation. The film is never clear at any point about what is happening or what is imagined or what will happen or what has happened, etc.

The third feature film by Alain Resnais is called Muriel, and I have not seen it, though it may be shown in Washington soon. Critics gave it a lesser reaction than they had given to either of the other two earlier Resnais films. Audiences generally found it unrewarding. Nevertheless, it apparently laid much groundwork for future experimentation and as an exercise and an experience, it was very valuable for Resnais.

The Fourth feature film which Resnais make is called La Guerre est Finie. Much much warmer than the first two films, it was also much less experimental. Some scenes were notable; the acting was very good. One important clue to the mood of the film can be gained by noting that the screenplay came from Jorge Semprum, who was also partly responsible for Z.

The fifth film, then, is Je T'aime Je T'aime. It has been shown at the American Film Institute, and will likely be showing in Washington, D. C. in the near future. It is a film worth seeing. The four films which preceded it have been mentioned because they lead very directly and obviously to it. If you went to Hiroshima, Mon Amour and found it at all rewarding or interesting, then Je T'aime, Je T'aime will probably prove far more rewarding for you in the same ways. If you saw Last Year at Marienbad and were fascinated by the unsettling ambiguities of time, then Je T'aime Je T'aime will almost certainly take you back into that kind of experience even more sucessfully & enjoyably. If you saw La Guerre est Finie and felt an affinity for the warmth of human portrayal in a superficially cool film, then Je T'aime, Je T'aime will almost certainly appeal to you. If you have never seen any of these films or heard of Alain Resnais, then try this film with the knowledge that one reviewer at least found it to be a beautiful film; accessible, enjoyable, procative.

What is it like and what is it about? Well, first of all it is a science fiction film. It attacks the question of memory, time, and the like-all in a direct way. The story set-up is perhaps a bit unbelievable, as is the laboratory. Nevertheless, these aspects of the film do not intrude into your attention or enjoyment.

The story, basically, runs like this: Some scientists are esperimenting with time travel. They have sent a mouse back into time for a "distance" of one minute. They feel totally ready to experiment on humans, but they need an "appropriate" volunteer. They decide, in a manner reminiscent of many actual science fiction stories, to choose a man who has tried unsuccessfully to commit suicide. It is possible that the pall of existential philosophy hangs heavy over this film for all those persons who know existential philosophy. In my case, however, my ignorance saved me from whatever "heavy" distractions of thought their might have been underlying the film.

The fellow who has tried to commit suicide is selected from the hospital where he has unergetically recovered and brought to the laboratory in the country. The situation is explained to him, and he agrees to be a part of the experiment. After a short while, he is put into an extremely unlikely and inauthentic-looking chamber, and the experiment begins.

The film, up to now, has progressed rather ordinarily. The only notable thing to my eyes and ears thus far was a particular care in the color photography to achieve mood. The suicide-victim-almost and all the scientists seemed most ordinary.

As the experiments began, however, the film took off. I got thoroughly into the film and enjoyed it very very much. The technique which had seemed quite crude & staccato in Marienbad (not to mention artificial) now had a natural home. The film skipped about during the hero's past-visiting several scenes many times. The story of the fellow's ill-fated relationship with a young woman had the warmth and depth which Resnais' films. have often seemed to avoid on purpose.

Eventually, the time machine appears to have worked too well. The fellow refuses to come back to stay. The "meaning" of the ending is hard to figure out in terms of Resnais's wishes and intentions, but for me, I can look back on the ending and feel satisfied in my own way.

The film is not an average experience. It is technically very extraordinary, but unlike most experiments, it has a strong and definite story reason for the technical experiment. As a culmination of everything Resnais has done thus far, as a wonderful film on its own terms, Je T'aime, Je T'aime is a success. I hope to see it again many times.

Stephen Allen Whealton

## EVERYTHING FOR SALE

by stephen allen whealton

Andrzej Wajda and Zbigniew Cybulski are two of the most important figures in the rise of Polish film in the past fifteen years or so. Beginning with Kanal and Ashes and Diamonds, Wajda directed a string of films which has done more than anyone else's to popularize and make known the Polish school. Other film makers like Polanski and Skolimowski are better known, but they have left Poland and are more specifically earning their own fame, rather than Poland's. Zbigniew Cybulski provided Polish film with a notable actor. His function in making Polish films known to outsiders is not unlike the function of Toshiro Mifune in bringing Japanese film to the minds of the world's film-goers.

In January 1967, Cybulski died accidentally in a train wreck. After many years without working together, Cybulski and Wajda had begun another film just before Cybulski died. This beginning was taken by Wajda, and transformed into Everything for Sale, a film about Cybulski.

If you have never seen a Polish film or a film by Wajda or a film with Cybulski, Everything for Sale is nevertheless a fascinating film to experience. For one thing, it was made in an improvisational manner, with actors who took part in the film providing much of the dialogue in the film. Ostensibly, the film is in the form of recounting of the few days before and after Cybulski's death in the lives of those persons around him. Wajda's role (more or less) in the recounting is played by Andrjej Lapicki, a leading Polish actor. Wajda's wife plays (more or less) herself. Cybulski's wife is also played by an actress who may or may not have been his actual wife.

These strange circumstances apart, the film is very powerful. There is a bit of film-within-a-film ambiguity at the beginning, as the director and the actors run through a few of the scenes for the Wajda-Cybulski film. After a point, however, the film settles down and becomes an extremely effective portrayal of the actual life led by Cybulski. Whether accurate or not, of course, I cannot begin to judge. In any case, it is pieced together quite well. The acting in the film is strange yet effective. Wajda's wife, the leading actress, Beata Tyszkiewicz, proves herself to be an extremely compelling performer. Daniel Olbryczinski, who in real life has now taken over Cybulski's role as the leading film star in Poland, plays very well indeed the role of "himself" reacting quite understandably and yet interestingly to the news of his sudden "elevation by default" to the prime position.

Cybulski's life is not portrayed with sugar-coating...almost totally opposite. Acertain kind of Slavic indefiniteness shrouds this film, like all the good Polish, Czech, and Hungarian films I've ever seen. Nothing is ever made clear or definite, and yet the ways of Eastern Europe subtlety are quite different from our own accustomed ways. This film portrays the life of a beloved, admired, and coddled man. It does this without flinching. If it is a totally biased or inaccurate portrayal, then it is probably so for a good reason. The persons who made the film certainly admired and loved Zbigniew Cybulski, and to show him warts and all seems to be an admirable thing to strive for. (cont. p.23)

## 2 0 0 1 - A SPACE ODYSSEY

by stephen allen whealton

This is my favorite film of all time, bar none. For me it has no close competition. I admit that its story is worthless and distracting. I admit that it expresses philosophical ideas which I either disagree with or cannot follow. Nevertheless, I have seen it seven times, and I hope to see it many many many more. Almost every frame of the film is of great interest to me.

I watch everything within the film almost as if in a trance. I want very much to participate in the adventure of being on the moon and mars, and this film evokes that future and possible adventure as few things have been evoked in my experience.

Five years and $10.5 million went into the film. It has received reviews which range as far as possible in every direction. Reviewers seem to be capable of holding this film responsible for magnificence and for evil; for achievement and for horribly irresponsible boredom. Very nearly ALL that negative reviewers have to say against the film seems somewhat valid.

I suspect that 2001 has within its two hours and forty odd minutes more failures of conception and more incompletenesses, wrongnesses, etc., than most other film-makers manage to roll up in a lifetime of highly flawed films. Despite this, it is my favorite film, and I even think it is the best film ever made.

What has it got? Well, some would say it is on a different plane; it is not properly susceptible to "regular" criticism. I disagree. Some would say that it is only a compendium of futuristic hardware, spiced with a bit of adolescent Nietzscheisms. In a way this is true, for it is that very compendium of future "actualia" that so moves me about 2001 .

In watching this film, I get an almost mystic faith that the future will truly be similar-looking to 2001 . This is not a particularly great goal to strive for in a film - there are many more useful things to portray.

Nevertheless, it is a difficult thing to achieve, and 2001 achieves it. The portrayal, furthermore, is not only literally electrified with the almost certainty of accuracy, but it is visually beautiful. The "suspension of disbelief" has never been more completely achieved than here.

For some, the "look" of tomorrow's everyday life or even of tomorrow's space exploration is a trivial, if not immoral, thing to concentrate upon. This may be true, but I for one find it somewhat irrelevant to criticize Kubrick for what he did not choose to do. The fact is that he did what he chose to do very well. It is not as if he were putting out something which would serve as powerful propaganda for an evil cause.

The film, 2001 , is characterized by a rather long "light-show" sequence at the end. It begins when the "hero" of the film approaches the planet Jupiter in a small auxiliary spacecraft, or "pod". For somewhere between 10 and 20 minutes, the screen is filled with swirling colors and unreal shapes. Certainly this small bit of film is the culmination of film art thus far.

In my opinion there are no sequences in any other films which have the power of this. Part of the reason is the sheer sensual attack of the screen which is so large and the 6-track stereo sound which is not so much loud as overwhelming. I have read a great deal about how these bits of abstract footage were made, and I have also been making vaguely similar abstract films myself since long before I saw 2001 . Seeing these sequences, however, commits me over and over again to a career as a film-maker.

A flawed masterpiece, then? An imperfect film, certainly, but one which is quite good on its own terms. I would certainly not like to have made a film like 2001 , but I hope my films, when I make them, have some of the same virtues. For me, an abundance of virtues is the prime measuring device for a work of art or entertainment; not a lack of flaws.

By such a measure, 2001 comes out very well indeed. It is now playing again at the Uptown theater. If you did not see it, go. If you did, go again.

## SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL
at the Biograph

When I first heard of "Sympathy For the Devil", which Godard filmed with the Rolling Stones in 1968, I was afraid that he had sold out, this use of a pop group being a fairly radical departure from his artistic trends. I guess I didn't understand him very well. To me, the Stones are the film, much more so than Godard's contrived sequences of rhetoric. During the course of the film, the Stones evolve their song(the title) from a melodically-paced ballad to an increasingly frenzied version. In the original cut of the film, the song was never completed; in the released version the finished product is tacked on at the end. Either way, the attention tends to remain with the music, and as a record of a studio session, the film is very interesting.

Why does the music work so well, even though we only hear fragmented parts? To watch good musicians at work is always a gas. To share in the development of an idea is even more of a gas. And that's what the audience can do.

The guiding force in the studio is, surprisingly, not Mick Jagger, but Keith Richard, the bass player. It is Richard who cajoles the correct beat out of Charlie Watt, who lends a unifying presence to the fractured set-up of the studio. Jagger comes off very well, boyish in his mannerisms, exhuberant. In one sequence, where he is playing a tom-drum, his delight at finding a beat-hand-clap rythm is pure joy, childish and easy to understand. The Stones do come off well.

Not so with the rest of the film. Godard does affect some nice tricks. At several points the film becomes three-dimentional(in theme) as the music is played in verbal counterpoint to an insane totally un-related narrative, in visual counterpoint to a physical action on the screen. The effect is interesting because our attention is pulled in different directions, all equally significant. And Godard plays his usual verbal-visual word games, as "freud" becomes "freudemocracy" and "cinema" becomes "cinemarxism". And there is an amusing interview with a certain Eve Democracy.

But Godard overreaches himself when he deals with the Black Movement. Knowing and reciting the works of Cleaver and Fanon is not synonomous with understanding the soul of the movement. Almost every scene involving the blacks is a thematic disaster. This failure is exemplified most fully in the sequence where a black leader is interviewed by two balck girls. The girls are vacuous, obviously well-educated and well-off, not really of the people. Their questions are echoes of the white press, they register the answers on tape recorders, not in their minds. The black leader is believable, particularly in his rhetorical explanation of the language barrier between blacks and whites. Other than that, Godard's conception of the black liberation movement is off-base, perhaps even unintentionally chauvinistic.

The reason for the dual success and failure of the film lies in the passion of Godard. One of the questions that Eve Democracy answers affirmatively to, states that "to be an intellectual revolutionary, one must cease being an intellectual." Godard is torn between these two choices, for he is aware and is a potential revolutionary , but he is first and foremost an artist and an intellectual. This film is an accurate recording of his struggle to make a choice. Luckily for the film goer, there has been no final desicion yet. Yet.

Walt Disney's Secret Freakout!
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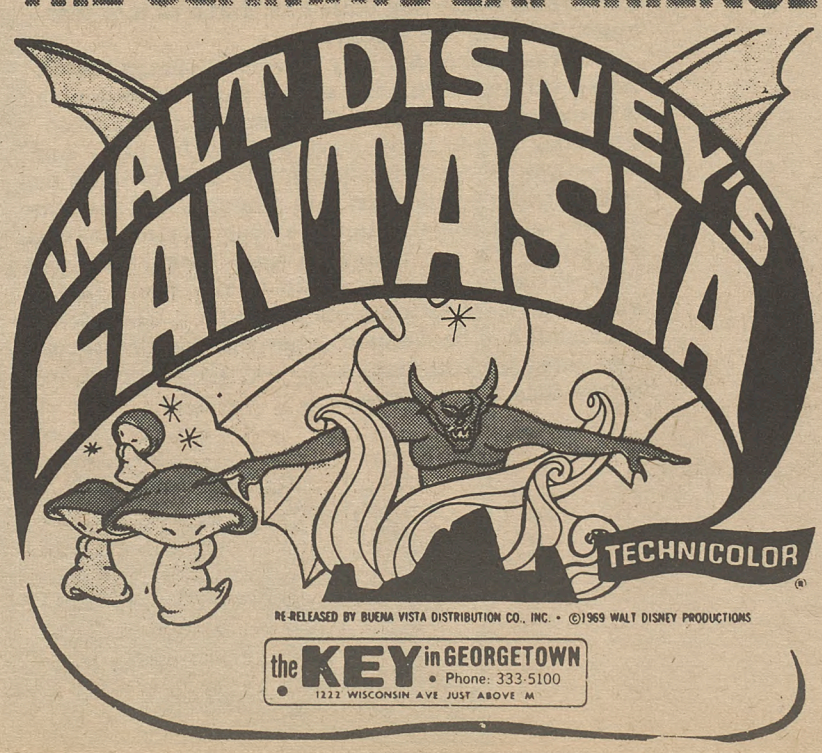


the KEY in GEORGETOWN
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This article is basically a review of the bands that have played Emergency since this paper started. (Emergency being closed for a week, its a good time to analyze- or as good a time as any.)

For one night, February 18th, Rennaissance displayed a beautiful reshaping of classical rock, with two stunning sets. Jim McCarty and Keith Relf, former guiding lights of the Yardbrids teamed up with John Hawken and Guy Cemano to display a true professional standard. Doing material from their Elektra album as well as new things, the sounds of John's electric piano and Cemano's flowing bass lines shook the audience. Fat City was the supporting act, and their first set was probably the finest thing they've ever done. The packed house was obviously there to see Rennaissance, but Fat City made their presence felt through their unique combination of country, folk and hits of the past. Taffy was in fine voice and everybody got pretty excited, aroused and involved. It was a great show all around.

Elizabeth followed, a totally different (and much better) sound than was on their terrible Vanguard album. The change was from top-forty rock to solid acid rock, the kind that got a lot of people dancing. The same people kept dancing the next few weeks, as Cold Blood and The American Dream followed. Lydia Pense showed her class as Cold Blood, hit down from sickness, went on any way, with Lydia ripping through her songs despite a bad cold. Only drawback was one 30-40 minute solo on the last night by the new drummer, a solo that started nowhere and went downhill.

American Dream, one of the many Philadelphia groups to play Emergency, showed itself to be the most promising of the lot. Not only good musicians, but insane people, they developed a strong following here, something pretty hard to do in just a couple of visits. Their album on Ampex is pretty good, but their act is even better, solid and loud, but not unbearable.

Edison Electric and Buddy Guy play two different styles, but reaction was uncommonly good for both. Edison seemed a little cautious at times but not so with Guy, who occasionally waltzed through the audience (with the aid of a long extension cord), playing and generally getting everybody pretty excited.

Crank got a full week finally, top billed as they should be. One of the most dynamic bands around, they proved that Washington can get it together. With Bless on his various horns, and Geoff doing his good riffs, Crank played set after set of out-of-site music. Gui's vocals are well-done, and if the outside world doesn't pick up on Crank the way Washington has, then I don't understand music at all. There are a lot of good groups in the country, but Crank is one of the best, so keep your ears open, cause you're gonna hear a lot more of them.

Bead Game came and Bead Game went, and its too bad so many people missed them, because they displayed a very intelligent brand of rock. They, and Roxy (who followed) both have very good albums out, very close to their performances, though not quite so loud. Stillroven played with Roxy m and showed good sense in finding a new direction. They did a verbatim version of "The William Tell Overture" that was eagerly awaited each night, and they continually pulled it off without a hitch.

Country Funk, whom we did a story on last issue, are one and the same as success, or at least soon will be. We can go on praising them for a long time, they go on deserving it. Pick up their album.

Redbone, four crazy Indians playing honest Cajun rock, teamed with Jacob's Creek for another fine week. Redbone took some getting used to, but it wasn't too hard, and once in, you were all set. Jacob's Creek displayed some original and fine music, achieving the same kind of audience response as many local groups do.

And finally last week, Claude Jones was in, getting better and better, and packing them in, as usual. This communal band is beautifully gentle, not just in their music, but in their stage presence. Musical identifications are broken down as the group varies in size from song to song, with people changing instruments from time to time, or just standing and letting everyone know what being together is all about. One thinks less in terms of individuals with Claude Jones, and more in terms of encompassing community spirit. The music is just fine, the vibes are just great.

With all the fine groups being a part of the past, what does the immediate future hold? More good music, naturally. Crank is coming back, and there are to be gigs by The Amboy Dukes, the new Fairport Convention, Great Jones....

So, if you missed anything over the past few months, don't make the same mistake in the future. Emergency has a lot of goofy and good music.

Richard Harrington

# notes

SIT DOWN YOUNG STRANGER
Gordon Lightfoot
Warner-Brothers-Reprise 6392

It's incredible that Gordon Lightfoot isn't as well known and respected in this country as some of his comtemporaries like Dylan or Eric Andersen. In Canada, he is the force on the folk scene- and deservedly so.

Lightfoot splendidly combines a dynamic voice and good guitar playing with some of the best songs around. This is his first album for Warner Brothers, and they showed wondrous good judgement in allowing him complete artistic freedom. The result is a superb album, the kind you can just leave on the turntable for repeated doses.

Lightfoot's songs are of himself and his feelings and friends and fears---songs whose poetry is gently set to rythmic patterns that cause an emotional reaction. When he sings of his lost feelings and past times on "If You Could Read My Mind", you understand because you've been there too. And you have to respect the man whose songs seem to understand you.

"Minstrel of the Dawn", "Saturday Clothes", "Cobwebs and Dust"---all are beautiful ballads. To quote lines denies the context in wjich they exist---each song being a statement complete to itself and not to be cut up. Lightfoot's melodies are so nice to hear, soft guitars flowing and overflowing riffs, and always the strong voice, empathy abounding. And he even has a little help from his friends--Van Dyke Parks, John Sebastian, Randy Newman. Some friends.

Do yourself a favor and start picking up on Gordon Lightfoot, if you haven't already. He's one of the most beautiful people around and this album has just got to break this country open for him. Wekco

Welcome, Gordon. It's been too long already.

# counter notes

SELFLESSNESS
John Coltrane
Impulse AS 9161

John Coltrane once said that his music, or jazz life music in general shouldn't be talked about, only experienced, shouldn't and couldn't be analyzed, only felt. So analysis becomes irrelevant and one can only beg others to listen to this testament of Coltrane's genius.

Coltrane recorded "My Favorite Things" three times within a five year span., each version being different and indicative of his spiritual evolution. The song was in many ways a hymn, for him. And the second recorded version, the intermediate one, is beautifully evident on this album. Coltrane was power, pure sound, simple energy coming through his horns. He pre-dated the Afro-Eastern culturalism of today, and he just left us too soon. This album is like a letter from Coltrane---read it with your soul and be damned happy that he was around. And understand his message---it also happens to be the title of the album.

STORMBRINGER!
John & Beverley Martin
Warner Brothers 1854
This album has its ups and downs. The downs are occasionally over-orchestrated songs, and the ups are the often beautiful songs like the title tune, "Can't Get the One I Want", "The Ocean", and "Woodstock", which musically and thematically is closer to the spirit of the festi=val than Joni Mitchell's anthem.

John and Bev Martin are English, and the album has occasional traces of the old Fairport Convention sound. The poetry of the songs (all original) is in keeping with the poetic sensitivity of this generation.

"Traffic Light Lady" is a charming song, like "Lovely Rita Meter Maid". Listening to the album a second and third time, I really begin to appreciate the unintended totality of side two. Its a question of understanding the unassuming communication evident between John and Bev and their keyboarder Paul Harris. I wasn't sure I liked the voices at first, because they reminded me too much of someone else, but after a while, I realized the familiarity is due to the ease and warmth. Its a nice album, and I wish I knew them better.

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JUSTA DUSTER
Duster Bennet
Blue Horizon BH 4804
A different album, allright. Really simple, straightforward music, basically funky, with Duster tracking a lot of instruments down besides his basic guitar-drum-harp set-up (a la Jesse Fuller). The music is very much white English blues, too smooth and sleek to be the real thing. Highlight of the album (personal opinion) is "Rock of Ages", done in a very traditional bottle-neck style, and really done well. It's almost like something of an ethnic tape by Sam Charters, and really recreates the mood of the song---"naked, come to Thee for dress--helpless, look to Thee for grace."

The second side is a live show and its obvi ous that Duster has a lot of faithful fans in his native England. The songs he does are pretty standard numbers from the hands of such blues greats as Willie Dixon and Jimmy Reed. Duster does them a basic justice just by his good intentions. A threat he's not, but an entertainer, quite possibly. Its a fascinating album. Dig "Rock of Ages" and enjoy the rest.

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WASA WASA
Edgar broughton Band
Harvest SKAO 0371
Horrible feedback, distortions, buzzing and distented noises. A terrible album.

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HOOVER
Epic BN 26537
Another writer of contemporary songs, some good, some less than good. Easy listening at all times. Sometimes the tunes drag, and I wish I could speed up my record player. Ten songs, including Hoover's theme for the film "tick tick tick". Good string and horn arrangements by Bill Russell. Pretty songs like "I'm Not That Kind of Man" are so easy to listen to. And there is a strange short story, autobiographical in nature on the back.

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SOMEDAY MAN
Paul Williams
Reprise 6401
It took a while to think of who the record reminded me of. It's the Bee Gees, not so much in the vocals, but in the rich arrangements and the type of song Williams does. Don't get me wrong, because he does them very well.

The ten songs (Lyrics by Williams and music by Roger Nichols) are all fine, unusually interesting in that, though they are folk-oriented, they seem to work better through an orchestrated showcase. "Someday Man" is potentially a hit, though I've never heard it on the air. The songs are generally optimistic and positive (a nice turn, eh!). There is no reason to be afraid of orchestrated records, and this album is a good example of just how good one can be. Williams has a pleasant firm voice that works well within that context. As I said, the Bee Gees strain is there, and its mighty nice.

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SAVAGE GRACE
Reprise 6399
Surprisingly (for a Detroit group), Savage Grace doesn't destroy itself through over-amplification. This quartet produces intelligent, well-paced versions of their own tunes (six are on the album) and Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower". Also, a rock-jazz version of Oscar Peterson's "Hymn to Freedom", which is a nice try, but only points the band up as a rock band, not a jazz group.

"Dear Lenore" is a very fine song, with shifting rythm and good lyrics, a song that should be picked up on. "1984" is very much like Steve Miller--- good solid beats with prophetic lyrics. "Night of the Hunter" is the most intense and interesting cut on the album, through its mystic atmosphere and mournful melody . Its the kind of song you have to listen to because of its mood. "Turn Your Head", "Lady Rain", and "Come on Down" all reflect the best qualities of the group--- an awareness of volume distractions (which are well-avoided), intelligent arrangements, and good musicianship. Obviously Detroit is not the home solely of heavy acid-revolution rock. It is also a home for the sensitivity of Savage Grace. A very nice album.

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FAT ALBERT ROTUNDA
Herbie Hancock
Warner Brothers 1834
Jazz suffers from the same drawback as much of rock, or any music, Iguess. So much of it sounds alike that it is often hard to know one artist from another. That problem holds true with this album by Herbie Hancock. Hancock and his sidemen are all very fine musicians, but a distinctiveness is lacking throughout the album, particularly the big band-like numbers. The funk is honest enough, but something, the sense of individuality, is lacking. The music is listenable throughout, but only one song, the breezy and mournful "Jessica" , has any real character. "Jessica" is a well'thought out ballad, gently paced with effective, understated solos. Other solos throughout the album show=case the fine sidemen - Joe Henderson on alto flute and tenor sax, Garnet Brown on the trombone, and of course hancock on the ivory. I think Brown comes off best on this album, because Hancock doesn't do much, except lead. "Jessica " is what makes this album worthwhile.

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INSIDE SHEL SILVERSTEIN
Atlantic SD 8257
Shel Silverstein is insane. This album proves it. To begin with, the titles. "Never Bite a Married Woman on the Thigh", "Bury Me in My Shades", "Beans Taste Fine" and "The Slitheree-Dee". Then there is the voice--- does he sound like a creaking door, or a rusty gate, or a dog whose tail has been stepped on. All those suggestions are on the liner notes. But he also sounds like Oscar Brown Jr. on "Have Another Espresso". Strange.

This album was originally released in 1962. It must have been overlooked. Now we have a second chance to latch onto Shel's lunacy.

Some of his songs are for children---the kind of children Chalres Adams draws so well. Sweet innocent things who "Say You're Always Welcome At Our House", because they know how to entertain. Like sealing you in a wall... This album is up there with the best of Tom Lehere and Ed Sanders. Good for many laughs.

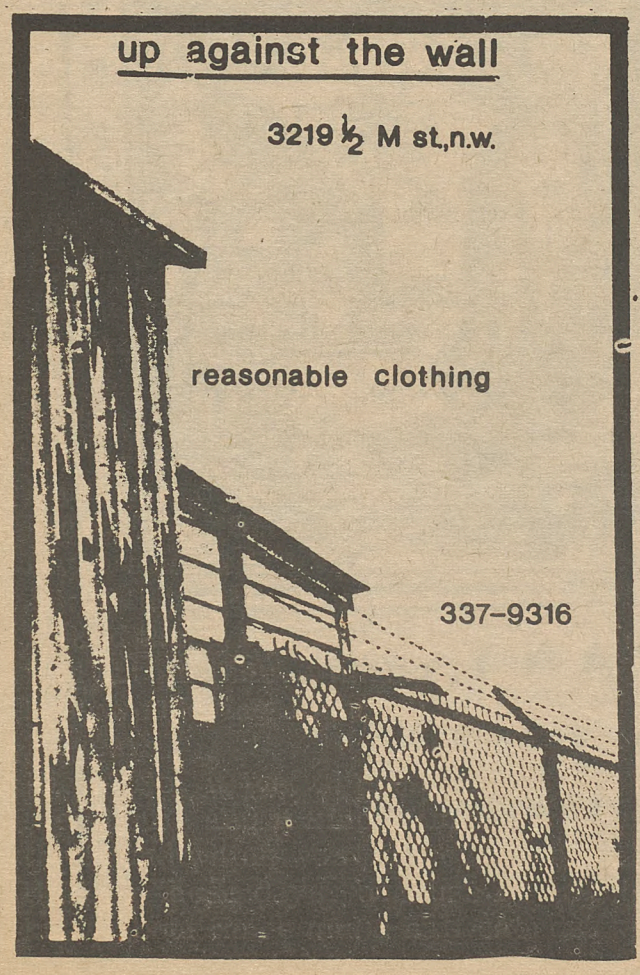
---

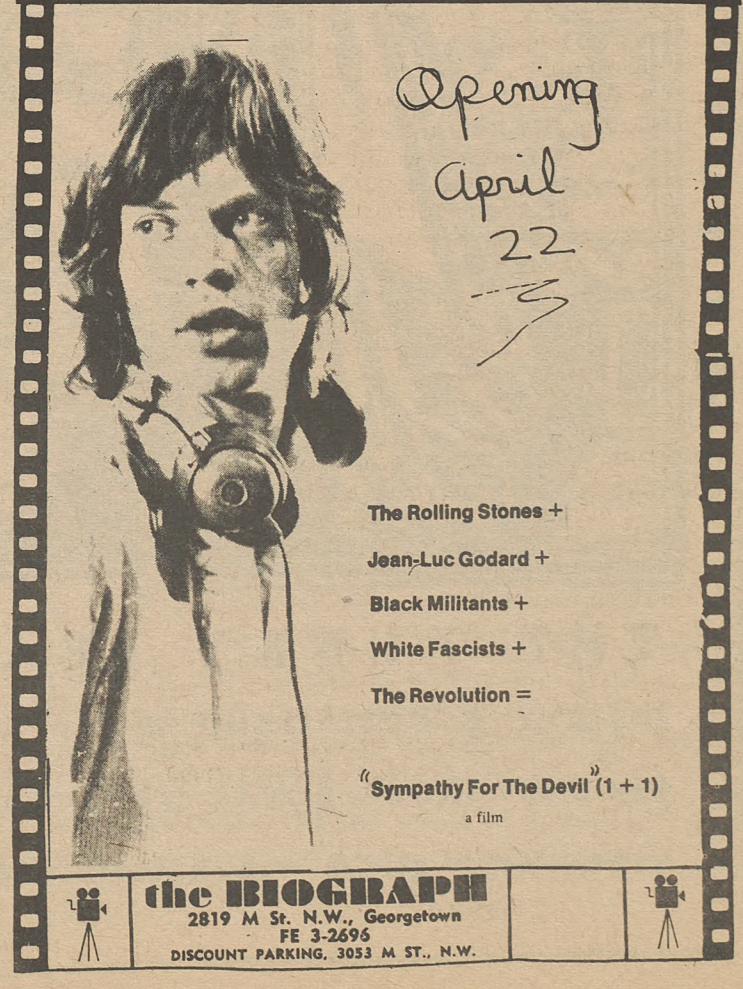
MOTT THE HOOPLE
Atlantic
SD 8258
The best parts of this album are fantastic. An instrumental "You Really Got me" that moves like crazy. And a nice version of the Sonny Bono song, "Laugh At Me". But, naturally, this English combo saved its energy for its originals, which make up most of the second side. It all seems to run together--- "Rock and Roll Queen", "Rabbit Foot and Toby Time" and "Half Moon Bay"- heavy songs well done. The clarity of the vocals is good, though sometimes alittle like Dylan. But on the whole, a very solid quintet. And the album cover, a drawing by Escher, is mighty strange...

---

HANDMADE
Mason Williams
Warner Brothers 1838
A pretty album, the most prominent feature being Williams' virtuoso guitar work, followed closely by his plain and honest voice. Even other peoples' material, like Tim Hardin's "Find a Reason To Believe", are done with extreme taste. Or "I've Heard That Tear Stained Monologue You Do There By the Door Before You Go". That title again was...

But as I already said, the guitar is what stands out. "Jose's Piece", written for Jose Feliciano. And a beautiful instrumental version of his own "Saturday Night At the World", with a sensitive orchestral arragement by Al Capps. And there is "Manha de Carnival" from Black Orpheus , which switches abruptly and skillfully in mood, through the chosen instrumentation. The mood is Latin jazz, and its a gas, like "Classical Gas", perhaps Williams' best known composition, which is also on the album. And there is the hauntingly wistful "It's Over". A mixed bag , this album, with sillines ("The Tomata Vendetta" and "The Exciting Accident") and beauty. The beauty is what remains in lingering thoughts. By the way, Mason Williams is giving a concert at the University of Maryland on May 2, with Jennifer. It should be real nice, so if you can make it, do.

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**FINIS.**

# GALLERY

To the artist in Washington, D. C., the 150 or more small galleries, little known galleries, in the area are, no doubt, very well known. To the average layman, however who has seen various gallery signs and advertisements while walking to work, but has never ventured inside, the number of paintings up for sale and viewing is phenomonal. Incredible little buildings, stocked with a more incredible number of paintings and sculptures are open each day--- awaiting the entrance of People.

One of these galleries is the small Artists' Mart, located at 1361 Wisconsin Avenue. Here there are a variety of portrait paintings (as exciting as portraits can be) and an interesting collection of metal sculptures by Bill Taylor. The prices at this gallery are unreasonably high, and the unpleasant attitude of the saleswoman may warrant an unusually rapid leavetaking-- an attitude not surprising from a Georgetown shop.

At 1633 Connecticut Avenue is another small gallery, Venable. The primary interest here is framing. The scenery paintings themselves are, if not brutally boring, at least tiresome. The exquisite craftmanship of the framing of these pieces is , however, well worth the seeing. The work shown is purposely inferior, apparently, in order to best show the frames.

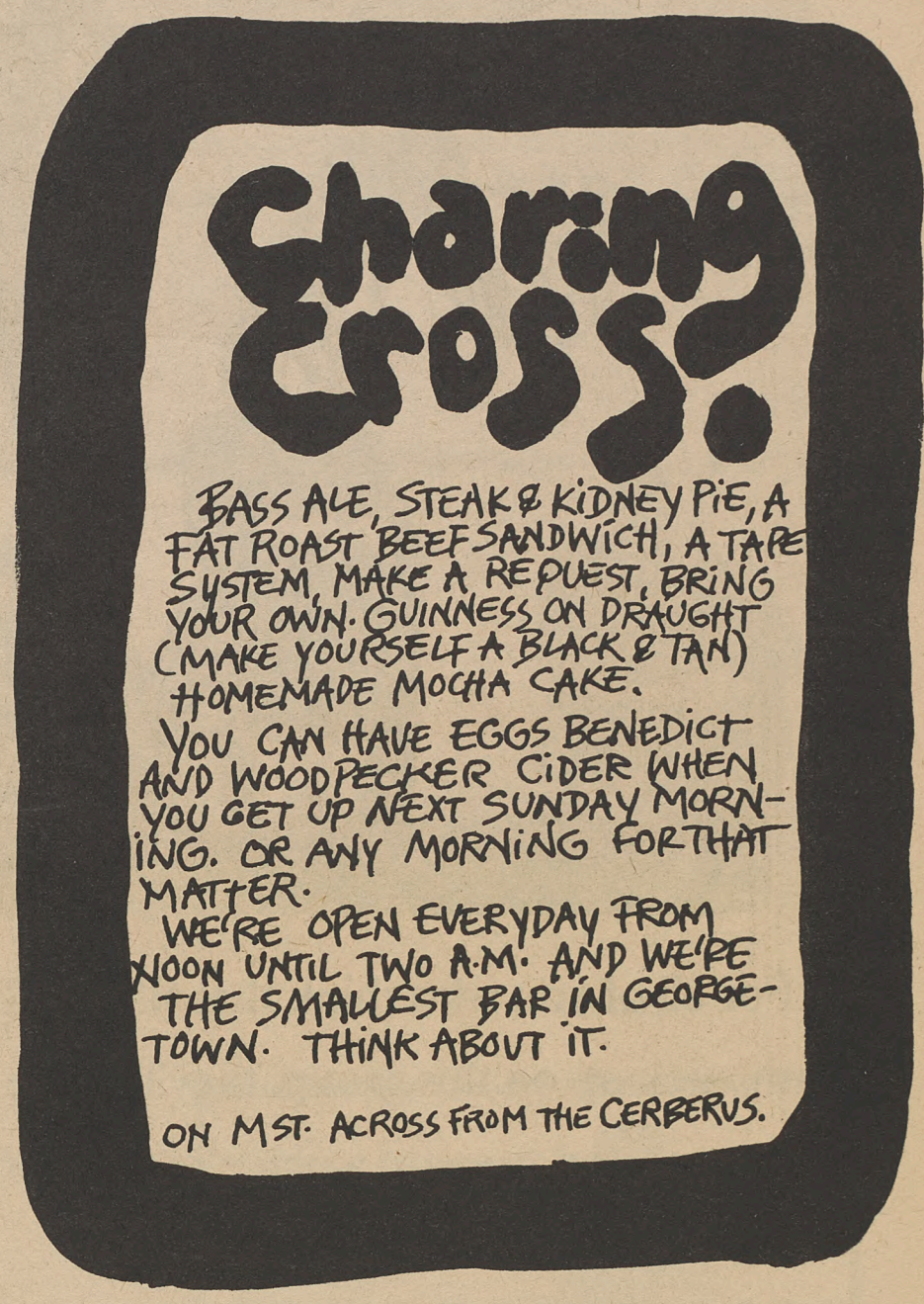
A highly unpleasant "artful" atmosphere emanates from the Henri Gallery at 1500 21st Street, NW, near Dupont Circle. Artful, in this sense, meaning the irritating dignity in which one occasionally finds himself immersed in buildings which house art. Henri smothers itself and the visitor with over-dignity. One would expect to be totally comfortable in a gallery which greets you with huge paper-machee sculptures, artifacts which were created to be enjoyed. One expects to have fun here, and is dismayed to learn that he cannot have fun, he must remain stoic and tranquil, unexcited should he chance upon something exciting, he must be prepared to handle the unexpressed invitati on out of the place. Art, after all, is fun. Henri Galleri is not.

The Dickson Gallery at 3237 P Street , NW boasts a unique variety of paintings and sculptures. Wood Rose , by Van Stockeem, is a superbly detailed still life and worth going to see. The prices here are very high, but the atmosphere is extremely pleasant. There is no need to feel thrust into the throes of upper gallery paranoia. You are free to wander aimlessly throughout the two floors, even if you are obviously a non-buyer. Lighting here is particularly useful and honest. There are some galleries where the lighting of work is absurdly insignificant. The Dickson Gallery is a fine place to spend an afternoon.

Original works of Picasso and Rembrandt, as well as lesser known artists are shown at the Fisher Galleries, nort north of Dupont Circle. Work is crammed into a small space, and you must be careful not to trip over paintings stacked against the walls. This situation does make viewing a bit difficult. The Fisher is definitely a selling gallery and a buyer evidently rates buyer treatment, but there is no intolerance manifested to a looker. Ironically, one will sometimes view Rembrandt's prints to the accompaniment of top-forty WEAM. Unlike the Henri, one can totally enjoy being at the Fisher. A fine selection of prints is available at very reasonable rates. Plastic reproductions are sold for $7.95.

Across the street from Fisher is Veerhoff Gallery, 1512 Connecticut Avenue. Smaller than the Fisher, the one floor of paintings are priced high. Few paintings are up, and fewer people seem to go into the Veerhoff. If you stop in at the Fisher, drop into this gallery also. Just to see.

Antonios L. Karafyllakis, owner of the El Greco Gallery at 1717 Connecticut Avenue, conducts art classes upstairs, maintains his studio in the back room and houses most of his own paintings in his own gallery. His work consists of pallette realistic, pop, surrealistic, ad infinitum. Prices here are beautifully reasonable. Not only will you feel comfortable at the El Greco, but it is not improbable that you will end up over coffee with Mr. K. himself, discussing portray als of ocean scenes or the validity of pop art. Ask him, incidentally, if he thinks art is fun!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Spend a day or two wandering down Connecticut Avenue, in georgetown , or virtually any area in D. C.. You'll find many doors wide open, awaiting your arrival. In most instances, the propietor will be cordial, interesting, into what he's doing and willing to share it with you. There are, naturally, some galleries which would best slam their doors shut and lock it. If that's a bit harsh, it shouldn't be. The fact that these places exist is a positive factor---one more thing to make you smile.

R.S. Blackson

# in concert may 5

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*—Jim Brodey, Crawdaddy*

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*—Peter Cole, London Evening News*

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The nine-man band . . . proves beyond doubt that their musical arrangements are at least five years ahead of any existing band using brass, including Chicago and Blood, Sweat and Tears."

*—Derek Abrahams, Music Business Weekly, London*

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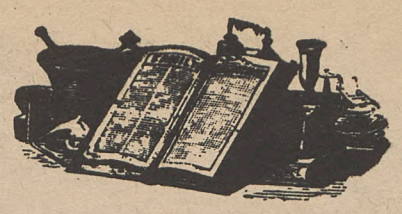


ART:

Larry Rivers---Sam Hunter's publication is the first major one on this lesser known but fascinating contemporary artist. Rivers has been extremely influenced by Rauschenburg, Johns, Hoffman, Dine and Bonnard, and perhaps his lack of a distinct individuality explains why he has not received the attention his deserves. Nevertheless, one finds that his stylistic dependence does not preclude an originality of content. Hunter's book helps make this clear although he focuses more on the man than on the man's work. The 220 full page black-white and color reproductions make up for a brief and superficial text. Published by Abrams in 260 pages at $25.00.

Voices of German Expressionism---It is not only because of focus on major Expressionists such as Beckmann, Gropious, Grosz, Macke, Klee, and Kandinsky, but also because of focus on many more of the minor Expressionists, thft this book deserves attention. Author Victor H. Miesel gives capsules on the artists, their ideas and writings, and a clear survey of the German movement. Published by Prentice Hall in paperback, 200 pages, at $2.45.

POETRY:

Rommel Drives On Deep Into Egypt---No misprint. This is Richard Brautigan's new collection of poetry. Already appreciated for his "Pill Versus Springhill..." and novels "Trout Fishing..." and "Watermelon Sugar...", Brautigan is a welcome figure in both prose and poetry. Published in paperback, 80 pages, $1.95, by Dell.

New American Review #9---The latest edition of Signet's very successful anthology series of new writing includes new names, Ralph Blum among them, and old names, Theodore Roszack and Robert Jones among them. Poetry, essays and short stories in paperback, 240 pages, at $1.25.

MUSIC:

Rock Story---A history, commentary and critique on contemporary music. Author Jerry Hopkins is editor of Rolling Stone Magazine. Published in paperback by Signet, 200 pages, with photographs, at $.95.

FILM:

Film Technique and Film Acting---V.I. Pudovkin's two works are published in one volume. Pudovkin concentrates not mainly on how, but why. He gets to real essences when talking on editing, sound, ensemble, montage and directing. Published by Grove in paperback, 400 pages, at $1.95.

Film Essays---Sergi Eisenstein again on the cinema, and he can't be heard from too often it seems. His writings, edited in this book by Jay Leyda, zero in on the Soviet Cinema, composition in the film and special commentary and analysis of "Potemkin". Published by Praeger in paperback, 200 pages, at $2.95.

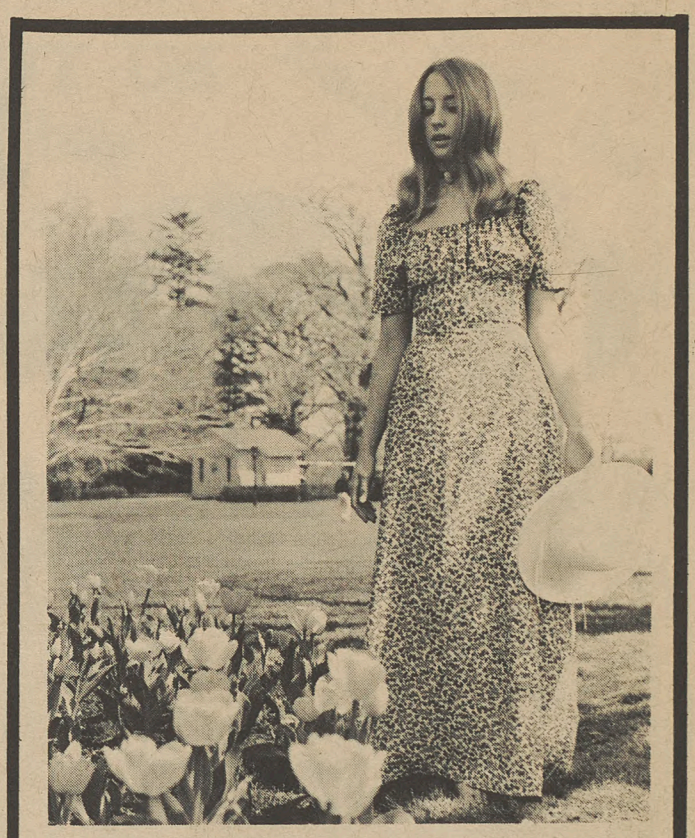
Selznick---Bob Thomas' book is a jaunt through Selznick's Hollywood in the heyday of a time now gone, but not unappreciated. The famous organizer brought "Rebecca", "Dinner at Eight" and "Gone With The Wind" to the screen, providing opportunities to the art at a really important time. Published by Doubleday in 370 pages at $7.95. Illustrated.

THEATER:

The Drama Review-Winter 1970---The newest issue of the Review (formerly Tulane Drama Review) features a series of articles on the South and Central American Theater. Special attention is given to Chile, Brazil, and Cuba. Additional contributions include a commentary -critique on Grotowski (a man who is becoming more and more important), and scripts of new plays. Well illustrated in 220 pages at $2.00 in paperback.

Showcase One---This seems to be the first of a new series published by Grove. The issue is composed of four plays, one each by Oliver Hailey, John Grare, Isreal Horovitz, and Frank Gagliani; all from the Eugene O'Neill Foundation. The introduction and editing was done by John Lahr. Published in paperback at $1.95.

Mark Loewinger

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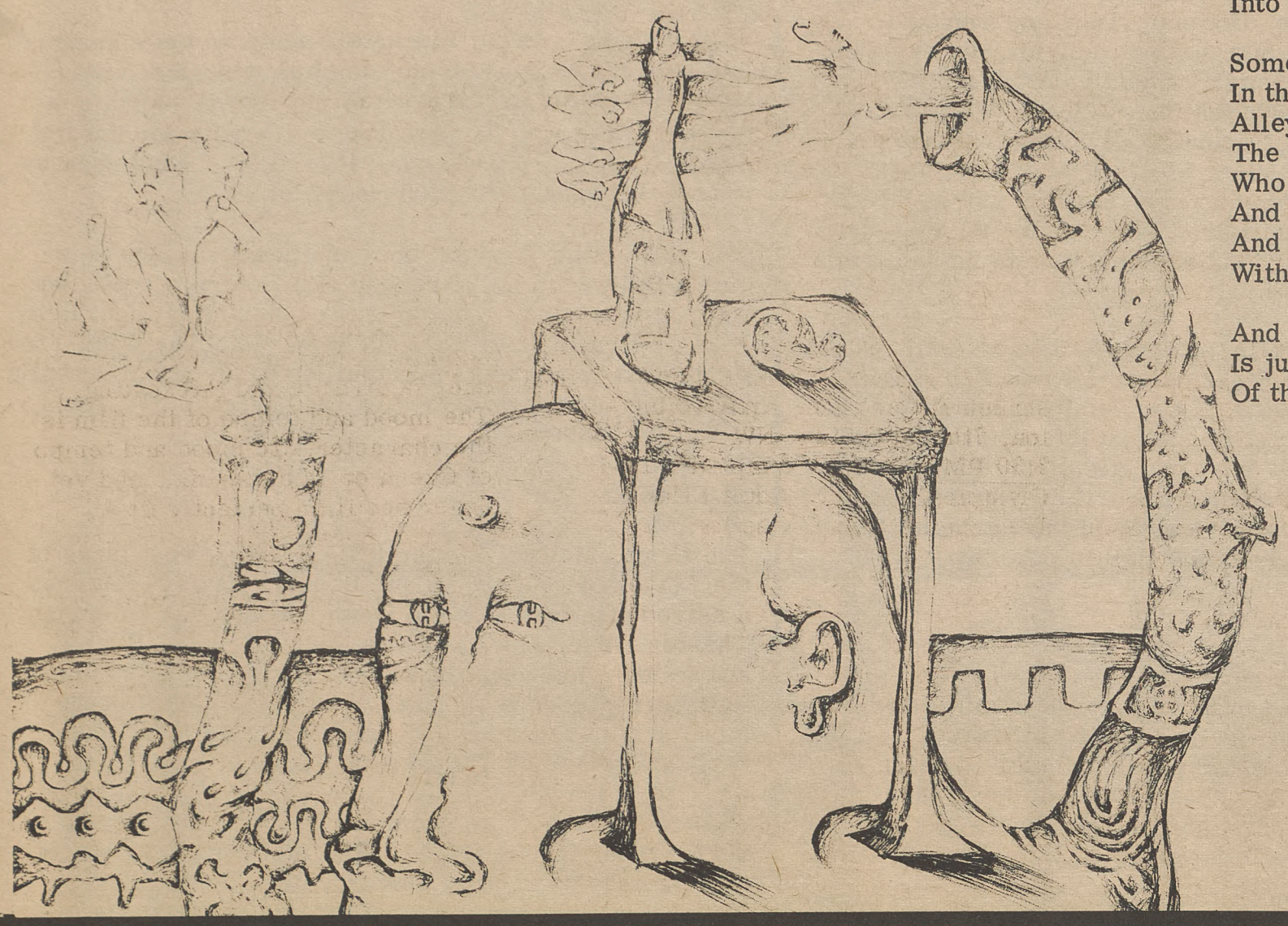

Friends
Of the psychedelic sheriff
Have informed me
That his intentions are
The purest
In the West

His enemy
The Zen cowboy
Is silent as he rides
The rollercoaster
Into Mexico

Somewhere
In the saloon's back
Alley lives
The hallucinogenic gambler
Who cheats at dreams
And deals in beards
And mushrooms
With the Indians

And this
Is just the first
Of these stories


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you say?

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FRIDAY , MAY 1
10:30 & 12:30 : Smithsonian Puppet Show, "Peter and the Wolf", with life size puppets- on the third floor of the Museum of Hist. & Tech. $1. 25 adult, $1 child- reser. 381-5241
11-6PM FLOWER MART, with flowers, garden gadgets, jewelry, baked goods, antiques, dolls, paintings- at Washington Cathedral
2PM Dr. ERICH FROMM speaks at Lisner Aud., 21st&H, open to all, arriveearly to get in.
4PM CHILDREN'S FILMS, "What Can You Find?", "Introducing Reptiles", "fun factory", SW Br. Libr.
7-9PM LLOYD MCNEILL, drawings of, & Lloyd McNeill Quartet, featuring Andrew White, Workshop, 1503 21st St. NW
8PM 19th ANNUAL SPRING CONCERT, by Surratsville HS Concert Band, $1.
9PM COFFEHOUSE SOCIAL EVENING, at Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St. NW

SATURDAY MAY 2
all day is CHILDREN"S DAY at the National Collection of Fine Arts, with performances by the American Indian Society Dancers, the Living Stage, the Potomac Improvisational Group; also special improvisational tour, films for fun, a calliope, fire engine, Ambiguity Society Parade and more for ages 6-12, accompanied by an adult.
10:30, 12:30, 2:30PM PUPPET SHOW, see May 1.
10:30-4PM FAIR at Holy Trinity, 36th &O. Pony Rides, White Elephants & Sidewalk Art Show
2PM CHILDREN'S FILMS, see May 1
2-6PM-24th ANNUAL EMBASSY TOUR tickets $6 at leading hotels & bookstores
2PM EXPLORATIONS, exhibit films Screen Four at Fine Arts Collection, 7th & G, NW.
4PM RE-CREATION of "Movie House" Claes Oldenberg Happenning involving participants and speeches given instructions immediately before, Nat. coll. of Fine Arts, 7th&G
7:30PM COFFEHOUSE, Grace United Methodist Church, 7001 NH.
8PM-11PM JAMUL, MAYPOLE and SECOND EAGLE, Leonard Gym, AU $2.
8:30PM, MASON WILLIAMS & JENNIFER at U. of Md. Cole Field House, $3, $3.50.

SUNDAY MAY 3
11PM MODERN MAN IN SEARCH OF A SOUL is topic for Washington Ethical Society's Sunday Morning Service, 7750 16th St. NW.
10:30, 12:30, 2:30PM, PUPPETS, see May 1
3PM DC MUSIC SCENE, at Lisner, 21st & H, NW, Tickets at Soul Shack, and Talbert's, $3-4-5.
8PM FOLKSONG CONCERT; Ewan MacCall and Peggy Seeger, Nat. Mus. of Natural History, tickets $3 at door.

MONDAY MAY 4
5:15 & 8:30 PM AUDUBON LECTURE, Our Unique Water Wilderness-The Evergales, Natural History Museum
8:30PM-CONCERT , the Camarata Chorus of Washington with Chamber Ensemble playing works of Charpentier, Haydn, Frederick the Great & Mozart. Hall of Musical Instrumenst, Nat. Museum of Hist. & Tech.

WEDNESDAY MAY 6
10:30, 12:30 PUPPETS, MAy 1
1:30PM , "The Louvre", "Railway with a Heart of Gold", "Jasper Holiday", adult film progra,m, Ft. Davis Br. Library.
2&8PM , "WATER FAMINE" & "THE MAJESTIC POLLUTED HUDSON" Smithsonian Film Theater, 2PM at Hist. & Tech., 8Pm at Nat. hist.'
4:30 PM INFORMAL CONCERTS at Hall of Musical Instruments at the Hist. & Tech. Museum
8:30PM--LIBERMAN AND HIS WORK lecture by Gene BARO at Corcoran aud., $1 for non-members.

THURSDAY MAY 7
10:30, 12:30 PUPPETS, see May 1
Noon & 1:30PM, Smithsonian Film Theater, see May 6. Mus. of Hist. and Tech.
Noon, EXPLORATIONS exhibit Screen Five at Fine Arts Collection, 7th and G Sts., NW.
7:30 PM, "Tokyo Olympiad", 1964 Olympics in color, Adult Film Program, Chevy Chase Br. Lib.

FRIDAY MAY 8
10:30, 12:30PM, PUPPETS, May 1.
11:00AM-7:00PM, 17th Annual Sidewalk Art Show at Georgetown Presbyterian Church, small admission price.
8:00PM, "The Boy Friend", musical comedy at Mt. Vernon High, 8333 Richmond Hwy., Alex., Va.
8:00PM, DANCE at Plaza Community Center, 6600 Aldelphi Road, Hyattsville, Md.
8:30PM, LIEDER CONCERT, by James Harkless, Brahms, Schumann and Wolf, Corcoran Aud.
***, Great Jones, Tonsil Records, Wheaton Center.

SATURDAY MAY 9
10:00AM, ARCHITECTURE TOUR, New Urban Spaces. A London bus tour beginning at Canal Square with planners and architects speaking. $6 including picnic lunch. Contact Membership Office, Corcoran Gallery.
10:30, 12:30, 2:30PM, Puppets, see May 1.

(FILM - CONT. FROM P. 14)

Several things about the film are notable; the color photography, for one, is strange and interesting. The mood and tempo of the film is the characteristic mood and tempo of Czech or Polish films, and yet never has it so perfectly fit a story as here. The two leading ladies are particualrly effective actresses and quite beautiful in a singularly un-Hollywood way. For Poles, or for sophisticated followers of East European cinema, this film is, of course, a milestone and a "must". For ordinary filmgoers, it is unusual, but fascinating. It is like seeing a documentary on something you know or care nothing about and yet being carried away despite your disinterest in the content. It is a very good film.

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